E Pardee

LETTERS

FROM THE

DUCHESS DE CRUI AND OTHERS,

ON

SUBJECTS MORAL AND ENTERTAINING,

WHEREIN THE

CHARACTER OF THE FEMALE SEX,

WITH

Their RANK, IMPORTANCE, and CONSEQUENCE,

IS STATED,

And their RELATIVE DUTIES in LIFE are enforced.

By Lady MARY WALKER.

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BIBLIOTHECA·BODLEIANA

LETTER LV.

From the Ducheſs de CRUI, to Mrs. PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM.

WHEN I was in England three years ago, the beau monde there were much enchanted with Mademoiſelle Heynell. As they are very apt to eſtimate every thing according to *what it coſts*, ſhe was hired at very great expence to dance at the opera, and received, over and above that ſalary, a very conſiderable ſum from a ſet of gentlemen of taſte, *who toil not, neither do they ſpin*; *and*

yet often ſhine forth in Solomon's array! It would perhaps be too ſevere to quote the next verſe, *which to-day are, and to-morrow are*, &c.—

I was bold enough to declare my ſentiments; I did not admire Mademoiſelle Heynell ‡. Her ſtalking by no means gives me an idea of our firſt mother, whom Adam, in Milton deſcribes, "Grace was in all her ſteps," &c. All art ſhould be an imitation of nature, and when a beautiful figure is in motion, accompanied with all the charms of an elegant perſon, every limb and feature appears with its reſpective grace. Such are Monſieur Gardel the Pariſian's ſcholars at preſent. Could any art or ſcience derive importance from anti-

‡ When ſhe danced laſt May, ſhe was conſiderably improved from the time the above obſervation was made.

quity,

quity, dancing might ſtand in the firſt rank for this claim. The accounts of it run almoſt as high as any thing we find upon authentic record. Nothing indeed particular concerning this art has deſcended to us, except the tracts of Lucian and Athenæus. But Plato and Xenophon have made honourable mention of it, and no wonder, ſince their maſter Socrates thought it worth his while to learn it at an advanced age. I know you have read, *Apologie de la danſe, ſon antiquité, ſa nobleſſe, et ſes avantages, par Jean le Coint.* Mr. Gallini alſo ſeems to be well apprized in what the excellence of this art conſiſts, in his Treatiſe on the Art of Dancing; which is wrote with the candour of good ſenſe, and the acuteneſs of good taſte.

Shall I acknowledge, after writing the above, my real ſentiments? How

few are there who do not content themſelves with mediocrity in this art? and ſtill fewer who are ſenſible of the defects of their perſons, which they expoſe by it. A certain gentleman danced very ill at a ball; one of his friends, to allay a fit of tittering, which the aukwardneſs of his figure occaſioned, ſaid very calmly, were you to ſee Sir ——— at the head of his regiment, there is no officer makes a better figure! I believe it, replied one of them; and if you are his friend, you will adviſe him to ſhow himſelf no where elſe. Defects of both mind and perſon are always moſt conſpicuous by attempts contrary to what nature intended them for; and yet we daily ſee no man bluſhes to be ignorant in that which he never laboured to acquire, but every one is deſpiſed for natural defects, which renders people aſ-

ſiduous

ſiduous in concealing thoſe both of body and mind; as we ſee in thoſe who are purblind, lame, crooked, or have any natural defects; who though they might aſcribe theſe defects to nature, yet are each of them diſpleaſed to find it in themſelves, or children. From whence can this ariſe? Is it not becauſe it looks like a teſtimony, from nature herſelf, that the perſon has this blemiſh upon him as a ſign of his depravity? And this muſt be the reaſon why perſonal ſarcaſms always cut the deepeſt; for he who ſtirs up againſt himſelf another's ſelf-love, provokes the ſtrongeſt paſſion in human nature. It is probable from a knowledge of this, that moſt mothers (like her in Juvenal) have prayed in the temple of Venus, for the moſt exquiſite beauty in her children. And alſo, if a child is deformed, ſhe tries every art to

correct the errors of nature; and when ſhe cannot accompliſh her intention, ſhe endeavours to conceal them, and teaches her daughter to be aſhamed of her perſon, inſtead of arming her with true fortitude, to deſpiſe any ridicule or contempt it may produce. When this is the caſe, does it not occaſion much uneaſineſs to them, in their younger days? And does it not require many years in them to conquer this weakneſs?

All affectation is abſurd under ſuch unfortunate circumſtances, and, as has already been obſerved, only ſerves to betray what it means to conceal. The utmoſt dancing can produce in our favour is, what would appear without any actual exhibition, viz. grace, modeſty, and elegance; which always beſtow on their votaries, that ſoftneſs of manner, and enchanting diffidence which particularly

charm

charm in our ſex. Real grace and dignity proceed more from ſimplicity and native elegance, than from all the ſtudied arts taught and practiſed in the world. The Scotch ladies are reckoned to excel in country dances, but in my opinion, dance with too much violence, either to ſuit my ideas of taſte, or delicacy. I think it might afford them an uſeful hint, to mention the conduct of the Lady, of whom Horace ſpeaks in the *ſacred dance*, "Who every moment, apprehenſive of the cenſure of people of taſte, and the fear of exceeding the due limits preſcribed by delicacy, prevented the full exertion of her powers." The following ſtory, as related by Throdotus, will alſo illuſtrate my ideas; Clyſthenes, Prince of Siconia, having declared he would marry his daughter, to him who

ſhould be found among the Greeks to be a man of the greateſt valour; invited to his court, all thoſe who had pretenſions to that honour.

He propoſed that his gueſts ſhould paſs ſome time with him, in order that he might the better be enabled to examine their characters. Two Athenians became his favourites, who were among the number of the candidates, and principally Hypoclites the ſon of Tyſander. The day being come which he had ſet apart for this election, he gave a great entertainment to his daughter's lovers.

After the repaſt, they began to ſing, a free circulation of the bottle enſued, and Hypoclites deſired the muſical performers to play a ſerious dance; in the execution of which, he ſeemed to take more delight himſelf than he afforded the ſpectators. Clyſthenes attended to the

the whole, but ſeemed then to take no notice.

Hypoclites ordered a ſecond table to be brought, on which he exhibited a Spartan dance, and afterwards fell into Athenian figures. At length, being elevated to an extraordinary pitch, he preſented the company with a dance, which conſiſted of holding up of the hands, and clapping them. Clyſthenes, who had by this time conceived the greateſt averſion for the dancer, could no longer reſtrain his indignation, and called out to him to deſiſt, in theſe remarkable words, *Son of Tyſander, thou haſt danced away a wife!*

If the men were of my opinion, many of thoſe young ladies, who are reckoned to dance well, and *with ſpirit*, would dance away a huſband. They do not remember the poet's advice, "Obſerve the

the golden rule of not too little, nor too much."

Athenæus has left us an account of many of the ancient dances; the dance of the *Goddeſs Ceres*, he acquaints us, was performed in a wood. The celebrated Pilades (the founder in Rome of the pantomime art), excluded from this dance all jumping and capering, for fear of violating, or disfiguring the graceful regularity of the whole, which he conſidered as the moſt eſſential article towards preſerving a pleaſing effect.

Even on the ſtage, there are certain dances offenſive to feminine delicacy. Do we not ſee ſometimes a woman dancing a hornpipe; one would ſuppoſe, this dance was appropriated to the rough ſailor *only*; and muſt it not be an unbecoming attempt in our ſex, whoſe motions on the ſtage ſhould rather

rather expreſs delicacy than ſtrength? Inſtead of which, we ſee the *fury*, not the *ſprightlineſs* of motion. The women hop, and the men jump as high as they can; we go to behold the dance of giants; for what are the public dancers in England? Such as have no graceful attitude, no genteel motions, no ſoft expreſſions of love ſuitable to the characters they repreſent. They have, indeed, had two pretty tolerable dancers within theſe two years, *La Bacelli* and *La Vallowic*. The former has great brilliency of execution, in every movement of the latter, there is a pleaſing playfulneſs highly attracting, which is at once the reſult of nature animated by paſſion, heightened by grace, and improved by taſte. It is a great pity, my dear Madam, that in the conduct of their pantomimes, they do not avail themſelves of a French

diſ-

diſſertation on the art of dancing, by M. Cahuſac. It ſeems to me a ſtrange ſoleciſm in modern taſte, that the eye ſhould reliſh indelicacies, which the ear would be offended at in the narration.

Now, my dear friend, you may ſuppoſe from the above, that I made no great proficiency in muſic and dancing. The fact is, *I did not*. If I am tedious in my narration, impute it to your own commands, as I am ſenſible my adventures do me *no great honour*, I am unwilling to enter upon them, and ſhall introduce thoſe ſubjects of which you was deſirous of having my opinion.

I ever am,

Yours affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER LVI.

From Mrs. PIERPONT, to the Ducheſs DE CRUI.

DEAR MADAM,

I Return your Highneſs many thanks for your agreeable letters: you are very good to me in the approbation of my former epiſtles. The proper arrangement of argument I am unqualified for; all I aim at, is to make myſelf underſtood. The firſt proof you give of your ſuperiority, is to make people forget it. You know ſo well how to deſcend to a level with them, that they are frequently tempted to think they equal you in underſtanding; and the advantageous impreſſion they ſeem to make on you, completes the confidence they receive.

I can-

I cannot ſufficiently expreſs my aſtoniſhment at the account you gave me of your education; it has been ever a maxim of mine, not to truſt too much to our ſpontaneous feelings. I believe neither virtue nor vice are radical in the human heart, but the ſeeds of both are placed in us; and, it depends on ourſelves which to cultivate, and which to extirpate; I cannot think our moral virtues are derived from nature, becauſe nothing can ever be brought by cuſtom to that which is contrary to its nature, as is evident by a ſtone, which, though it be ever ſo often thrown up in the air, yet will it never by cuſtom aſcend of itſelf; if, therefore, virtue was as natural to us as gravity to a ſtone, we ſhould never by cuſtom bring ourſelves to vice. Nor, for the ſame reaſon, are our vices natural, becauſe then we

we ſhould never be virtuous, and it would not be agreeable to the juſtice of God, to puniſh people for thoſe defects which were produced by nature, without any fault of their own.

God laid no foundation of wickedneſs in his creatures; it is an unnatural ſuperſtructure of our own, *without* foundation. From whence then, my beloved friend, are your virtues derived, when it appears, by your own account, there was no care taken of you but by your nurſe, who left you when you was ten years old? Is it poſſible, my dear friend, that one of your Highneſs's ſenſibility, exquiſite taſte, and tender feelings, does not paſſionately love muſic? eſpecially as you are ſo great a performer. I own, without affectation, I am quite an enthuſiaſt in it.

Muſic

Muſic exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diſeaſes, ſoftens ev'ry pain,
Subdues the rage of poiſon, and the plague;
And hence the wiſe of ancient days ador'd,
One power of phyſic, melody, and ſong.

ARMSTRONG on Health.

Surely you will allow, a fine voice is one of the greateſt ornaments a young lady can poſſeſs: never yet were its clear and entire notes imitated by artificial ſounds; how excellently does it impart paſſion, and enforce ſentiment? But this natural advantage muſt be directed by ſome art, in order to produce its full effects.

Your Highneſs remembers Mademoiſelle de Tours, who, at the Marquis de Cerſe's, ſcreamed a ſong with all the power of lungs ſhe could muſter, bellowing out, as if ſhe had been ſinging for her life, in order to ſhew her extent

tent of voice: had I been to ſit in judgment, like the Prince of Siconia, I ſhould have declared ſhe had *ſung away a huſband.*

But let us not deſpiſe the talents, but the abuſe of them. Such powers, properly modified, might have enabled her to a proper *portamento.* Miſs Catley, upon the Engliſh ſtate, is the only one, I ever heard, who hazards every thing with ſucceſs, arbitrary changes, embelliſhments, &c. &c.—I am partial to her wild graces, but cannot help comparing her to a Virginian nightingale in my aviary, whom I could never bring in with the others, to follow the notes of the bird organ.

There is a charming ſimile in Fingal, where a lover compares the voice of his miſtreſs to the *ſound of a harp on the gale of the ſpring*; as for the *Platonic* notion

of the muſic of the *ſpheres*, it is truly *Platonic* indeed, as it happens to be too *piano* to affect the ſenſe.

I agree perfectly with your Highneſs, no exhibition can pleaſe in a woman, which does not convey with it an idea of modeſty, delicacy, taſte, and elegance; and ſhall recommend the ſame author as your Highneſs does to young ladies, Horace's third ſatire, where he blames the capriciouſneſs of Tigellius, the ſongſter, who refuſed to ſing when he was aſked and intreated; but when in the humour of it, would ſing from morning to night. An eaſy and immediate compliance enhances the merit of a performance.

Your Highneſs ſays, that *ſound* always ſubtracts from *ſenſe*, and that you can only produce one inſtance of the contrary; I humbly think it rather enforces it.

it. If proper poetry be intruſted to a ſkilful muſician, he will ſo adapt his ſounds, as to make his hearers believe, the muſic and words were conceived at the ſame time †. Perhaps the ſtudy of the celebrated Metaſtaſio's works will afford ſome uſeful hints to ſuch, who may find him an excellent guide.

Your Highneſs knows muſicians ſeem agreed, in making only three principal ſchools in muſic, that of your favourite Pergoleſe in Italy, of Lully in France, and of Handel in England; though ſome are for making Rameau the founder of a new ſchool, different from thoſe of the former, as he is the inventor of beauties, particularly his own. He

† 2 Pet. iii. 10. This verſe is an eminent inſtance of that kind of beautiful writing, in which the very ſound bears a *ſignificancy*, at leaſt carries an exact correſpondence to the ſenſe.

has certainly ſhewn, both by precept and example, what improvements French muſic may ſtill admit of. Pergoleſe's muſic is reckoned to deſerve the firſt rank; he has, indeed, univerſally been allowed to be the muſical Raphael of Italy. This great maſter's principal art conſiſted in knowing how to excite the paſſions, by ſounds which ſeem frequently oppoſite to the paſſion they would expreſs. By ſlow ſounds he is ſometimes known to throw us into all the rage of battle; and even by quicker movements, he excites melancholy in every heart that ſounds are capable of affecting. This is a talent which ſeems born with an artiſt. To this excellence he adds another, the happy tranſition from one paſſion to another. His melodies alſo, where no paſſion is expreſſed, give equal pleaſure from their delicate ſimplicity.

plicity. That ſong in the *Serva Padrona*, which begins, *La conoſcoa quegl' occeli*, is reckoned one of the fineſt inſtances of excellence in the *duo*.

The Engliſh ſchool was firſt planned by Purcel: he attempted to unite the Italian manner that prevailed in his time, with the ancient Celtic carrol, and the Scotch ballad. But he was entirely eclipſed by Handel; who, though originally a German, yet adopted the Engliſh manner. He did not ſucceed in Italian compoſition: though his Engliſh oratorios are accounted inimitable; yet his Italian operas are fallen into oblivion.

Pergoleſe excelled in paſſion, and ſimplicity; Lully was remarkable for creating a new ſpecies of muſic, where all is elegant, but nothing paſſionate or ſublime; and Handel's great characteriſtic is ſublimity.

The preſent faſhion with many, is to admire a new ſtyle of compoſition lately cultivated in Germany, and to deſpiſe the Italian muſic, as wanting ſpirit and variety: the truth is, they will not bear any compariſon. The excellence of the Italian compoſition conſiſts in the richneſs and ſweetneſs of their harmonies. The other pleaſes by its ſpirit and wild luxuriancy, which makes an agreeable variety in a concert, but poſſeſſes too little of the elegance and pathetic expreſſion of muſic, to remain long the public taſte. A man of faſhion firſt introduced that ſpecies of muſic into this country, and the merit of his own compoſition, and his own ſpirited performance of them ſeduced the public ear. Faſhion, or the reigning mode, is too often prevalent with regard to muſical taſte, when ſupported by that

authority

authority which title or fortune may impoſe; but no man of a liberal education will allow that fluctuating faſhion, or ſtriking novelty, though they may dazzle inſipid obſervers, can ever be the ſtandard of true taſte, either in muſic or any other ſcience. It is with pleaſure, I was credibly informed, that Mr. Tenducci is at preſent in the higheſt vogue in Italy, by only ſinging the Scotch tunes.

I hope this evening to receive a continuation of the family narrative; in the mean time, I remain,

Your Highneſs's
obliged friend,
and humble ſervant,

ANNA PIERPONT.

LETTER LVII.

From the Ducheſs de CRUI, to Mrs. PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

AS you are now acquainted with the characters of my aunts, it will be no matter of ſurprize to you, that at the age of fourteen I was totally ignorant, the extent of my knowledge being to read Engliſh, and hammer Italian muſic on a harpſicord, when my aunts were within hearing; at other times, my whole life was employed in reading romances, which was alſo my *gouvernante*'s conſtant occupation.

My aunts were too much ingroſſed between ſleep and dreſs, and amuſements, to ſpare any of their valuable time on me.

As

As I began then to be a great girl, they carried me to the opera every Saturday, and to the play twice a week: the laſt ſo perfectly entered into the ſpirit of my ſtudies, that I was enchanted. The generality of our modern romances, novels, and theatrical entertainments, are commonly calculated to inflame the paſſions; or, if conducted with ſo much modeſty as not to ſeduce the affections, they prevent the judgment, and bewilder the mind by their incredible adventures, their extravagant parade of gallantry, and their character, widely different from truth and nature. They inſpire romantic ideas, create idle expectation, introduce a diſguſt of genuine hiſtory, and indiſpoſe their admirers to acquieſce in the *decent* civilities, or to reliſh the *ſober* ſatisfaction of common life. The emotions of hatred, love, pity,

pity, and vengeance, have all their turns in the ſpirit of the reader, who is intereſted in the fate of the fictitious characters, and becomes from a reader a party; nay, actor of the ſame weakneſſes, whenever he falls into the ſame circumſtances. Young people apply them to themſelves: their imaginations being heated, the firſt youth they meet with is an Adonis.—From ſuch ſcenes of illuſion may be traced the ruin of thouſands. A young mind is eaſily impreſſed, and as the paſſion of love makes a conſiderable part in every play, deſcribe the effects of it in what manner you pleaſe, it will be a *ſeductive deſcription*; or it will not *be that of love.* If it be ill painted, the play, or romance, are bad ones. If it be well deſcribed, it makes us blind to every other paſſion. Oppoſitions, misfortunes, and ſufferings, render it

ſtill

ſtill more affecting then if it met with no reſiſtance. We are apt involuntarily to confeſs, that this paſſion is in itſelf a ſufficient recompence for every degree of diſtreſs. An image ſo tender inſenſibly melts the heart; and ſoftens us too much for our after-happineſs, or peace. I am convinced (ſays Mrs Brook) at a certain time of life, there is no pleaſure without the heart; where that is untouched, and takes no ſhare of the amuſement, all is *ſtill life and vegetation.* Another Lady, Mrs. Griffith, ſays, that there is in reality no other paſſion in the human breaſt but love. All other affections, ſuch as avarice, duty, envy, revenge, or ambition, ariſe from ſome foreign ſentiment, and are founded on principle, or inſtigated by vice or pride. If this is the caſe, ſhould not we guard a young mind againſt theſe fallacious repre-

repreſentations, which inſinuate themſelves into the hearts of the readers, and from an unhappy averſion, a copy ſhall become an original?

People, indeed, in a more advanced age, flock to the theatres, ſome to admire, others to be admired, but ſeldom or never to ſee the play, unleſs it is a new one. Why is this? Becauſe they are ſuppoſed to have ſeen every thing *a thouſand times*. Fine ladies would be as much humbled, and out of countenance, to be melted with pity, or humaniſed by a well acted tragedy, as even to be catched at a tête-a-tête with their huſbands, or obſerved attending to the muſic at Ranelagh, both of which cuſtoms are aboliſhed in high life. And in thoſe parts of a tragedy where the diſtreſs is worked up to the higheſt pitch, where the moſt moving woes ſeem *real*, where

pity

pity ſhould poſſeſs all the faculties of the ſoul, inſtead of the anxious look, the heaving breaſt, and the ſilent tear, you may perceive a ridiculous ſmile, at ſome ill-bred country Lady, who may have diſcovered the meaneſs of her taſte, by the tenderneſs of her heart.—They will, indeed, laugh heartily at a new comedy without being aſhamed, although they would not drop a tear.—Is there not greater weakneſs in laughing than weeping at a theatre?—The one is the effect of ſomething *ridiculous*, the other of *nature*.

Before this century, when the ſtage, by means of Mr. Congreve, and other authors, became licentious, the ladies were afraid of venturing to a new comedy, till they were aſſured they might do it without the riſque of an inſult to their modeſty. This age is ſuperior to ſuch

ſuch vulgar emotions; we have loſt ſight of nature ſo much, we never bluſh; therefore a maſk, which was then worn and admitted, was unneceſſary for the theatre. Bluſhes uſed to be the companion of innocence and virtue, and conſtantly beſpoke a delicate ſenſibility, joined to a guiltleſs heart, and overſpread the face, on a conſciouſneſs of an error, or the recollection of a miſtake; but this has been long exploded, and is one of the many improvements which have been made on the unfaſhionable manners of our anceſtors. The ſchools of the Cynics, however, regarded this ſentiment of ſo much conſequence, that judging modeſty a dangerous allurement, made it a duty to baniſh it from ſociety. Let women, therefore, never forget, however unfaſhionable it may be, *it is their greateſt charm*; and, to ſpeak ſeriouſly,

ſeriouſly, none can be held in eſtimation without it, or produce in the other ſex thoſe feelings which conſtitute an elevated affection. If a deficiency of delicacy excite admiration, it is like that of a ſavage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the deſtruction of his object. The fear of ſhame is the grand penal law, which was inſtituted to hang over our heads: will you pardon me, if I add, that it is an advantage for us to be reſtrained by the fear of the world? Inſtead, therefore, perhaps of exclaiming againſt its ſeverity, we ought to be thankful for the kindneſs it does us; for the truth is, to this alone ſometimes thoſe that are uninformed are indebted for their virtue.

To Pauſanias we are indebted for the following ſtory: "About thirty furlongs from the city of Sparta, Icarius placed

placed a ſtatue of Modeſty, to perpetuate the following incident; having married his daughter to Ulyſſes, he ſolicited his ſon-in-law to fix his houſhold in Sparta, to which Ulyſſes would not conſent; fruſtrated in his application to the huſband, he made the like requeſt to his daughter, conjuring her not to abandon him; but ſeeing them ready to depart, he redoubled his afforts to detain her, nor could he be prevailed on to deſiſt from following the chariot on the way! Ulyſſes, ſhocked at the deſperate ſituation of his father-in-law, and wearied with his importunities, ſays to his wife, "You can beſt anſwer this requeſt; it is your's to determine, whether you will remain with your father at Sparta, or depart with your huſband for Ithaca? you are miſtreſs of the deciſion." The beautiful Penelope finding herſelf in this

this dilemma, bluſhed, and without making the leaſt reply, drew her veil over her face, thereby intimating a denial to her father's requeſt, and ſunk into the arms of her huſband. Icarius being very ſenſibly affected by this behaviour, conſecrated a ſtatue to Modeſty on the very ſpot where Penelope had thrown the veil over her face, that it might ever after be an univerſal ſymbol of delicacy with the fair ſex."

Perhaps there is none of our moral feelings more ſtrongly marked than that of modeſty; and when any violence is done to this feeling, it is not the mind alone that is affected, but it is viſible even in the colours and expreſſions of the countenance, as in this of Guarini

Vergogna che'n altrui ſtampi natura
Non ſi puo rinegare, che ſe tu tenti,
Di cacearle dal cor, fugge nel volto.

But to return to my own ſtory, which I am rather unwilling to enter upon: while I was thus bred up in folly, Lady Filmer was extremely hurt in obſerving it, but declined interfering with my mother's relations, as my father ſeemed ſatisfied with my remaining under their care, in expectation of my inheriting their fortune.

A few days after my aunt's nuptials, they thought proper to carry me to a maſquerade. Sir Violet May-dew ſaid we reſembled the three Graces. They approached much nearer to that character, in *one* particular of their dreſs, than I did; in *other* reſpects, my youth, perhaps, was in my favour; it muſt be confeſſed, they would have made excellent Hecates. I dreſſed myſelf from a deſcription of one out of a favourite romance, in the dreſs of a Princeſs Iris.

My

My little head was perfectly turned, and I made not the ſmalleſt doubt but ſome charming adventure was to commence. I was not deceived in my expectation; the God of War attached himſelf to me; as we were at that time all without maſks, he appeared to me the lovelieſt youth I had ever beheld; there was an expreſſion of tenderneſs in his countenance when he addreſſed me, that confirmed me in the expectations of meeting a lover. He aſked me who I was; I anſwered, the Princeſs Iris: I am alſo a Prince, replied he, I wiſh I could inſpire my Princeſs with the paſſion I feel for her. ——— After two hours converſation, he propoſed we ſhould go off together; that he would marry me, and I ſhould live happily with him in his own country.

I made no doubt but he was ſome King's ſon; and after a ſmall heſitation, complied.—I was really very far from being a bold girl, but my imagination was ſo much tainted by reading romances, and ſeeing comedies, that what would have thrown another girl of my age into a panic, appeared to me as a thing of courſe. — My *Prince* did not dare return to his lodgings, where he informed *me* his people were; we took a coach to Weſtminſter bridge, when ſtepping into a poſt-chaiſe, he ordered it to drive to Dover. We were, however, overtaken at Dartford by the *Prince*'s governor, who immediately, notwithſtanding his reſiſtance and cries, dragged him out of the chaiſe; paid the poſtillion, whom he ordered to carry me where I thought proper; thus was I ſe-

I ſeparated from this lovely youth, without knowing who he was, or having communicated to him my name. I ſtopped the chaiſe at Greenwich, and wrote to Mrs. Jackſon, my nurſe, to come to me immediately. The good woman, when ſhe arrived, cried over me; "Alas! ſaid ſhe, my child, from what hands are you reſcued, it is well it is no worſe; you muſt return no more to theſe old *beldames*, I will go inſtantly to Lady Filmer, and unfold this tale. Sir John will take you home, perhaps, my child; as you are of a ſweet docile diſpoſition, it will be poſſible yet, to inſpire you with juſt notions."

Lady Filmer was going to the drawing-room, when Mrs. Jackſon went, but undreſſing herſelf, came immediately to me. She careſſed me with the utmoſt tenderneſs, aſſuring me of her af-

fection and protection. On obſerving my figure, ſhe ſaid, I was indeed dreſſed in the true ſtyle of victims, who were moſt adorned with flowers and garlands when they were going to be ſacrificed; and that the more gay our life is, the nearer, like them, we are often approaching to deſtruction.

I aſked her again and again, if I could depend on her not delivering me up to my aunts? She told me, a promiſe with her was a very ſacred thing, and to be extended to every thing underſtood by it, as well as what is expreſſed. But, added ſhe, in return, you muſt unfold to me every circumſtance of this elopement, and every idea of your little heart.

I complied, giving ſuch a deſcription of my paſſion for the Prince, as made this tender friend tremble for me. She

began

began by telling me, that he whom I had ſuppoſed my lover, was very likely a young man of no conſequence; that as I had aſſumed the title of *Princeſs*, he had that of *Prince*; "But, added ſhe, whatever he may be, you, my dear child, have been miſled, by the negligence of your inſtructors, into groſs errors and falſe principles.

"You look upon love as a blind irreſiſtible deity, whoſe darts fly at random, and admit no defence or cure.—Conſider the matter, my dear, in a more reaſonable light. The paſſions are intended for our ſervants, not our maſters, and we have within us a power of controuling them, which it it the buſineſs and duty of our lives to exert."

My father, and Lady Filmer did every thing they could to enable me to forget my *Prince*, and to regain my loſt

time. Lady Filmer was angry with herſelf for not having interfered before in my education. There is not, perhaps, ſaid ſhe, a more pernicious, nor a more common error, than the doing, or not doing a thing, out of regard to the opinion of fools; which is doing them too much honour.

They ſpoke very little to me on the ſubject of my dejection, which I could not conceal; knowing that all diſcourſes of this nature would rather *augment*, than *extinguiſh* the paſſion: they only attempted to amuſe me, by various avocations, which might turn my mind to other conſiderations.

In the midſt of relaxation, however, this excellent woman uſed to ſpeak the language of reaſon and good ſenſe; while her inſinuating behaviour, and the friendſhip ſhe threw into her diſcourſe, ſoften-

ed

ed and rendered agreeable, what might have otherwiſe appeared too grave and formal for a child. Thus, ſhe turned into inſtruction, what appeared not to have the leaſt relation to it. As you have already ſeen ſo many of her ſentiments, you may believe ſhe took the utmoſt pains with me, beginning with religion; this opened a new world to me. In the three years I remained with Lady Filmer, I learned the little I know, as I have never ſince had much time for application. She deſired me not to be diſcouraged at my extreme ignorance. "All endowments and acquiſitions, ſaid ſhe, muſt have a beginning. The time was when Sir Iſaac Newton did not know the letters of the alphabet; and the time may come, when another, by making a proper uſe of his natural abilities, and providential advantages, will

exceed

exceed the pitch to which that prodigy of our ſpecies reached."

It is almoſt needleſs to acquaint you, my aunt lived ſo unhappily with her huſband, that they ſoon ſeparated. It has been obſerved by ſome, matrimony affords an equal opportunity of ſatisfying either hatred or love; and this opinion is verified by much experience. To ſay the truth, if we are to judge of the ordinary behaviour of married perſons to each other, we ſhall, perhaps, be apt to conclude, the generality ſeek the indulgence of the former paſſion only in their union of every thing but of hearts. Lady May-dew and Miſs P——, lived together as before the marriage of the former.

It appears from the exact calculations of the value of life, that out of an hundred

dred perſons born in London in one week, there are not more than ten who reach to forty-ſix years of age; yet moſt people flutter on, forgetful of what muſt be the inevitable fate of all; preparing for themſelves, after a youth blooming with roſes, mixed with thorns, a miſerable old age, in which the thorns alone continue. Nature is always in motion; ſhe muſt either advance or recede; in this poſition are all things involved, every thing carries in its progreſs the cauſe of its deſtruction, as the fruits of the earth, having gained a perfect maturity, begin to decay. The cauſes of our diſſolution is, therefore, neceſſary, and death inevitable. It is no more poſſible for us to ward off the fatal term, than to change the law of nature. The notions of ſome viſionaries concerning the poſſibility of perpetuating life by remedies,

medies, muſt have periſhed with them, if ſelf-love did not always increaſe credulity, to the degree of believing in any thing that flattered it.

Lady Filmer uſed, with the greateſt gentleneſs, to point out to me my aunts' abſurdities, for my improvement. "Their errors, ſaid ſhe, proceed from their not having in their youth furniſhed themſelves with any reſources for advanced age. For, my dear child, variety of employment is neceſſary to exerciſe the activity of the mind, which is otherwiſe ſunk in gloomineſs, or evaporated in vague or uſeleſs ideas.

"The great difficulty ariſes in being able to regulate our thoughts by the dictates of our will, ſo as to fill up the pauſes of action, and the hours of ſolitude, in a manner conſiſtent with the profeſſion of rational faculties. Though this

this happy talent can never be effectually acquired, yet it may be in part obtained—and to obtain it in part, is to perform a great taſk, worthy of a wiſe man; ſo dangerous is our own company, and ſo difficult it is to keep the mind ſteady and employed on ſome uſeful ſubject! No man can be long alone without becoming either better or worſe for it; a ſtate of neutrality in this reſpect is incompatible with human nature, always progreſſive: we cannot exclude thoughts; bad as well as good will preſent themſelves indiſcriminately, though to reaſon is left the power of ſelection. But unleſs we exert that power of ſelection, how ſhall we chuſe the good? If we allow vicious habits from negligence, or indulgence, to gain ground, we ſhould then, my dear child, ſaid this excellent monitreſs, always

ways conſider our latter end." Cicero, in the firſt book of his Tuſculans, ſhews ingeniouſly the falſity of the judgments we form concerning the duration of human life, compared with eternity. To give the more force to his reaſoning, he quotes a paſſage from the Natural Hiſtory of Ariſtotle, touching a kind of inſects common upon the banks of the Hypanis, a river of Scythia, at preſent called the Bog. Ariſtotle ſays, that they live but a day; thoſe who die at eight in the morning, die in their youth; thoſe who die at five in the evening, die in a decrepid old age. What is the longeſt life to eternity? Yet ſo little do we accuſtom ourſelves to conſider the effects of time, that things neceſſary and certain often ſurpriſe us like uncertain contingencies. My aunts have led me to moralize; you will excuſe them for it,

when

when I acquaint you, notwithſtanding Sir Violet May-dew had ſpent every ſhilling of his wife's fortune, they bequeathed me forty thouſand pounds, being both carried off by the ſame fever. I ſhall write to you again ſoon, in the mean time remain,

your's affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUL.

LETTER LVIII.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I Am happy you approve of my letters. When I declare that I have the greateſt opinion of you, none will miſtruſt my ſincerity, and all will applaud

plaud my diſcernment; but you cannot expreſs your zeal for any friend at ſo high a rate, without riſquing the world's opinion of your judgment.

The ſlip I had made, by eloping from the maſquerade, was well known; my aunts themſelves had promulged it, partly out of a deſire of talking, and from revenge, becauſe I was taken from them; it had, therefore, become the general diſcourſe, and had ſerved to render their own abſurdities more conſpicuouſly glaring. If we have no good to ſay of young people, or thoſe dependent on the world, ſhould we not be ſilent? to ſpeak ill, and declaim againſt a young girl of fourteen, is the height of cruelty! her character is at that time not completely formed, and ſhe may afterwards be totally different from the ideas formed of her at that early period.

The

The voice of ſatire is not to exaſperate, but amend, and ſhould never be perſonal. If it be, may it not make an impartial perſon ſuſpect, that the ſatyriſt has a natural ſpleen to gratify, which may be as great a fault in *him*, as any of thoſe which he pretends to expoſe and cenſure in others?

Had I fallen into other hands, who might have imprudently acquainted me with the many ſtories circulated to my prejudice, it might have driven me to deſpair, or led me to ſuppoſe I had nothing to hope from the world.

But lady Filmer counteracted theſe reports, and introduced me ſooner into company on that account, taking particular care I ſhould always be with other young ladies of the ſtricteſt propriety and decorum. My own fortune, excluſive of expectations from my father,

procured me ſome very good offers of marriage. All of which I rejected without the ſmalleſt heſitation.

There were two, however, whom I found very difficult to get rid off; the firſt was, Mr. Worthy, the ſon of my father's partner, bred up by him to the ſame buſineſs, and who ſucceeded him in it; and who diſtinguiſhed himſelf, not only by his knowledge in trade, but alſo by his probity of heart, and generoſity of ſentiment. Nor was he deficient in perſonal accompliſhments; his figure was remarkably agreeable, his addreſs engaging; and no pains had been ſpared in giving him the advantage of a genteel education. A decent chearfulneſs made his converſation as lively and agreeable, as it was uſeful and inſtructing.—He was ever in good humour, always the ſame, both acceſ-

ſible

ſible and affable to the meaneſt creature, to whom he could afford comfort or relief. He heard every thing patiently, and was not apt either to miſtake or ſuſpect; his own great candour diſpoſing him to put the beſt conſtruction, and to judge the moſt favourably of all perſons and things. He was never imperious or aſſuming, and though he had a ſuperior judgment to moſt men, yet never dictated to others. And as no man had obſerved human nature more carefully, or could judge better; ſo *none* made larger allowances for the frailties of mankind than he did. His maxim was, no man can deſcend below himſelf in doing any thing, which may contribute to protect an innocent perſon; he ſpent annually a third of his income in acts of beneficence. My other lover was a baronet, who was very diſagreeable to

me. Mr. Worthy poſſeſſed my higheſt eſteem; and as I really believed he ſincerely loved me, I unfolded to him the real ſituation of my heart.

He was affected by my relation, even unto tears; and the regard I felt for him was ſuch, that I even thought, though I could never marry any other than the object of my affections, yet if that would hurt his mind, I would willingly remain ſingle. He ſoon convinced me of the folly of this reaſoning, and that the ſource of it had ſprung from the erroneouſneſs of my former ſtudies; which by his excellent converſation he always endeavoured to remove.

We were one day ſurpriſed by a violent noiſe in the hall. Mr. Worthy, went to ſee what it was: when returning, he acquainted us, it was only a foreign ſervant, who inſiſts, Sir, (addreſſing

dreſſing himſelf to my father) that you are a ſurgeon, and your people are ſo angry at it, that they ſeem inclined to knock the poor fellow down. I happened then to be going for ſome muſic, I had been deſired to play, when looking at the ſtranger in the hall, I ſcreamed and almoſt fainted away. Lady Filmer flew to me, and procuring me every aſſiſtance, after ſome little time I could only ſay to her, dear Madam, *the ſtranger is the Prince's ſervant*, and burſt into tears. My father took the man into a room by himſelf; poor Worthy aſſiſted Lady Filmer in recovering me, from the agitation of ſpirits I had been thrown into.

My father found the man half drunk, who ſpoke very bad Engliſh, but had in his hand, extracted from the liſt of baronets, the names and reſidences of

every one of the name of John, and ſaid, "An pleaſe your honour, I know I am drunk, but I could not help it, *ces fautes de mes affaires, le poivre Prince ſeroit mort*; if I do not bring him news de Mademoiſelle." As my father underſtood from this man, my lover was the Prince de Sols; and that his father, the Duke de Crui, was actually come over with him, to find me out, though by my precipitate departure he only knew I was the daughter of a *Sir John*; this accounted for the ſervant's miſtake. Their denying my father's name, might have excluded me ever from happineſs! On what ſlender accidents does our felicity depend? My father waited on the Duke that afternoon. I ſoon ſaw my lover—and every thing was ſoon concluded to my ſatisfaction, except the tender regret I felt for Mr. Worthy.

When

When a women has once ſaid *I love*, hath ſhe not ſaid every thing in her power to ſay? Can ſhe do wrong in repeating it, or or in proving by her conduct the ſincerity of ſuch a declaration?

After our marriage, I ſtayed a few months in London, and then went to Paris; my father-in-law's almoſt conſtant attendance on the late king, confined us there. If you expected any love ſcenes, you ſee you are diſappointed. Dryden obſerves,

Imperfect ſounds,
And nonſenſe, ſhall be eloquence in love.

But far more difficult would it be for me, to delineate my dear huſband's conduct to me in every circumſtance, ſince that happy day I became his wife. I am writing no romance, and the truth

ſo far exceeds credibility, that I will not attempt the deſcription; let it ſuffice to ſay, that theſe laſt eighteen years have been an invariable ſcene of tenderneſs, complacency, and attention; always happy to prevent my wiſhes, and ever exalting me for imaginary virtues, moſtly produced and cheriſhed by himſelf.

But

This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;
Therefore no more of it.

Farewell my deareſt friend, may you *ſoon* be equally happy!

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LET-

LETTER LIX.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR MADAM,

AS you requeſt me to give my opinion on dreſs, I comply with your deſire. Our innate conſciouſneſs precludes the neceſſity of inculcating ſuch trifling attentions to our ſex, as a late noble author repeatedly urges to his ſon. An elegant mind is a ſufficient monitor, and will always exclude what is offenſive to delicacy. The opinions of men of great abilities, are reſpectable before they have given their reaſons for them; but afterwards they are upon a level with the opinions of other men:—for they will

will depend then upon reaſon for their ſupport, not upon the authority of the character.

The ſpeculations of the great, however, deſerve attention; for if they teach us nothing real, they will at leaſt teach us, by their deviations from reaſon, always to confide in the rectitude of our own. It is not for our ſex to admire this author; he places them throughout his work in a deſpicable point of view, therefore I ſhall ſay no more of him. Trifling as dreſs may appear to ſome people, in my opinion it is of infinite conſequence; inſomuch that I ſhall apply to it, what Mr. Addiſon ſaid of dancing, "That no perſon can dreſs well, that is to ſay, with a thorough propriety, who has not a good underſtanding."

Pro-

Propriety is diſtinguiſhable in adapting dreſs to the ſtation and time of life; *good ſenſe* in the œconomical arrangement of it; and *modeſty* in its adjuſtments. As dreſs is a ſcience in this age, a woman who does not avail herſelf of it is to blame, as it is ſo very eaſy a matter to attend to; ſhe muſt unite the moſt exquiſite delicacy with the utmoſt ſimplicity, qualities ſo far from being incompatible, that the *firſt* cannot exiſt without the *laſt*. Excellence in every thing, in dreſs, in poetry, in painting, and all the fine arts, depends on ſimplicity; yet ſimplicity alone does not give it; choice is required, and there is in nature ſuch infinite variety, that taſte needs be at no loſs for its exerciſe. The finer a perſon is adorned, the mind appears the leſs, and ſerves only to illuſtrate natural blemiſhes. Plain dreſs

for

for a plain man or woman, at leaſt implies modeſty. Caligula was as ridiculous for the ſoftneſs of his habit, as Auguſtus was admired for the modeſty and gravity of his. As a woman's dreſs is compoſed of many more articles than a man's, ſhe has ſtill a greater opportunity of expoſing herſelf in this way. It therefore requires on her part, a ſtricter attention; which is neceſſary, as it has been ever eſteemed to convey a ſtriking emblem of the mind.

But as we have every day ſome new conviction of the effects of appearance on the minds of people, it is innocent for thoſe in ſubordinate ſituations, to avail themſelves of it, by making as good a figure as poſſible, ſuitable to their circumſtances, and ſituations. Quin aſſerted, he could not afford to go plain. But they muſt beware of not

per-

permitting artificial deſires of any kind to deprive them of the power of relieving the poor, and borrow from their amuſements ſomething to gratify the ſentiments of generoſity, which every perſon of a genteel ſpirit ought to have. And ought never to forget, that though life hath its venal trifles, yet they ceaſe to be innocent when they encroach upon its more important concerns.

Diogenes obſerving the inhabitants of Athens treated trifles with gravity, rattled his tub about the ſtreets, to ſhew them his thoughts of their behaviour. But the women, in this reſpect, have been ſufficiently imitated by the men in all ages, and in none ſo much as the preſent. You may remember the young Roman knights, on whom Pompey had placed all his hopes, turned their backs at Pharſalia, for fear of being

being wounded in their pretty faces: and Juvenal blames the effeminacy of the judges for their delicate dreſs, painting their eye-brows, wearing ſilks, and conſulting the glaſs.

Alexander was ſo anxious to tranſmit a favourable idea of his looks to poſterity, that he permitted none to draw his picture, or form his ſtatue, but Apelles and Lyſippus. The Spartan Ageſilaus (conſcious of his bad figure) would never ſuffer any picture or ſtatue of him to be taken: and Hortenſius, the Roman orator, ſpent half the day in admiring and dreſſing himſelf.

Julius Cæſar wore the laurel to conceal his baldneſs; and Ferdinand, King of Spain, conſtantly wore gloves, to conceal a defect in his hands. Does not the army in general owe its being filled with ſo many gallant young men,

to

to the love of fine cloaths, more than that of battle? as it has been often ſaid, the prerogative of a captain (which is every thing above a ſerjeant, and below a major) is to dreſs as fine as *his taylor will let him*.

I think too great a neglect of dreſs, a worſe fault, if poſſible, than running into that of over-dreſſing; where beauty periſhes through a miſtake as miſerable as that of the *Roman virgin* ſmothered under the *Gallic* ſhields, inſtead of receiving the trinkets ſhe had bargained for, as a reward of her treaſon.

We muſt not deviate very much, as I hinted before, from the faſhions: if a fool's cap were faſhionable, ſhe would be a fool who did not wear it; and thoſe who will not conform to the cuſtom of the country where they reſide in their dreſs

dreſs, the mob ſurvey as if they were come to triumph over them.

Want of propriety does not conſiſt in the cloaths, but the ſingularity. Yet although we ſhould be above being particular we ſhould nevertheleſs, in things we think right, be governed by our own rules, which are the laws of *reaſon* and *convenience*.

Now, as ſelf-love, and the flattery of others, when we are in an exalted ſtation, render us blind to the alteration that years make on our perſons; the adapting dreſs to our time of life, is the point in which people are moſt likely to err; hence the ridiculous old women, you and I uſed to remark in the drawing-room, whom, in ſpite of nature, and their climacteric, are determined to enjoy eternal ſpring, and ſhine forth

forth in their ſilver ſilks, blended with pea-green, lay-lock, and pink.

Perſons are oftentimes miſled in regard to their choice of dreſs, by attending to the beauties of colours, rather than ſelecting ſuch colours as may increaſe their own beauty.

You may remember how much we admired the Ducheſs of ——, who does not think it ſuitable to her character, to be ſitting an hour under the hands of a friſeur, to have her venerable grey hairs tricked out to the taſte of the times. though her good ſenſe ſees the neceſſity of ſuch a ſubmiſſion in young people, in whom any ſingularity would be eſteemed an unhappy emblem of their minds; her own apparel, and the colours of it, are always adapted to her age: ſhe is particularly nice in her linen; and the articles of her dreſs are

compoſed of as little variety as poſſible, to preclude the attention it may require. Faſhion altering annually around her, affects her not; ſhe invariably remains the ſame reſpectable and revered perſon; and, though her rank in life obliges her to go to court, no flounces, *chevaux de frize*, nor any of thoſe redundancies, does ſhe ever think neceſſary. While our amiable Queen (I write as an Engliſh woman), being a perfect miſtreſs of propriety herſelf (I am convinced) only admires her the more for it: an air of dignity diſtinguiſhes her perſon, and every virtue is engraven in indelible characters on her countenance. She is humble to her inferiors, never forgetting her advanced age, and thinking it high time to ſlacken the reins of pride, and to wave all ſublunary diſtinctions, when they are near being

being at an end between her and the meaneſt perſon breathing.

This Lady I have ſelected for my model many years ago, with a few exceptions, on account of circumſtances. I make no doubt, but you will wiſh to do the ſame; but, in order to accompliſh that deſire, you muſt not poſtpone your intentions, as people do the practice of religion, to a more advanced age, but begin *now*. As I have painted the difficulty of our ever knowing ourſelves, after you are thirty dreſs always five years older than you really are; that is, in the manner of thoſe of that age. It is a maxim of prudence, to leave things before they leave us. There are three other Ladies at the Engliſh Court, whoſe ſtyle of dreſs I was greatly pleaſed with: the Counteſs of A——le, for her unaffected ſimplicity, Lady S—ds and Lady P—m, for their elegance and propriety.

But whilſt we think it our intereſt to recommend ourſelves to the world, becauſe we may probably live ſo many years in it; the ſame prudence muſt determine us, never to loſe ſight of our eternal concerns! What are fame, wealth, and admiration, when compared with the expectations of a being without end? How poor will theſe things appear to us at our laſt hour? how joyful will thoſe be, who have led honeſt and virtuous lives, and travelled to Heaven through the roughеſt ways of poverty, affliction, and contempt? It may be conceived, what immenſe advantage it may be of, to have endeavoured, even in this imperfect ſtate, to get our minds opened by the acceſſion of new ideas, to have habituated ourſelves to examine, to compare, to reflect, and diſtinguiſh. It is evident, that all

theſe

theſe exerciſes of the underſtanding muſt be abſolutely neceſſary in any future ſtate whatever, for ennobling our minds.

Solomon long ago told us, that after having ſought, and found, and taſted of all ſorts of pleaſures, he confeſſed, that beſides loving God, and ſerving him, all was vanity and vexation of ſpirit. Yet the poet tells us,

The hoary fool, who many days
Has ſtruggled with continual ſorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The deſp'rate bett upon to-morrow;
To morrow comes; 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day, like all the former flies,
Yet on he runs to ſeek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

Should we not accuſtom ourſelves to think the greateſt part of our lives are already paſt; to contract our views

and ſchemes; and ſet light by a vain and tranſitory ſtate, with all its ſeductive enjoyments?

Farewell, my amiable friend: may your days, nevertheleſs, be many; "But bleſſed is he who feareth always."

Ever yours affectionately,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

LETTER LX.

From Lady FILMER, to the Princeſs DE SOLS.

MY DEAR MADAM

YOUR Highneſs does me great honour in regretting you were not ſooner under my direction; and you now ſo earneſtly requeſt my communicating to you

you my plan of education, that I inſtantly comply, and hope it will be ſalutary to your young ones.

The delicacy of modern education deſtroys the foundation of the native vigour and flexibility of the human body: it is impoſſible to ſay what it may be brought to bear, if gradually inured to the intemperance of ſeaſons and climates, to hunger, thirſt, and fatigue. Before it has acquired a ſettled habit, we may give it any we pleaſe, without danger; but when once arrived at its full growth and conſiſtence, every alteration is dangerous. Notwithſtanding the variety of abſurd and unnatural cuſtoms that prevailed among barbarous nations, they were not ſickly as we are, becauſe the hardineſs of their conſtitutions enabled them to bear all exceſſes. Nor were they deformed: Mr. Hay ſays,

in his Eſſay on Deformity, that Rutila is the only Lady among the ancients, who was diſtinguiſhed for a hump-back. All that claſs of diſeaſes which ariſe from catching of cold, on a ſudden check given to the perſpiration, is found only among civilized nations. An old Roman uſed to plunge into a river, whilſt in a profound ſweat, without fear, and without danger. An education equally hardy, would render us proof againſt every thing. The greater care we take to prevent catching cold, the more we become ſubject to it: the only precaution we can take, is to render ourſelves ſuperior to its influence.

There is a ſtriking inſtance of this in the vigorous conſtitutions of the children in Scotland, braced by the daily uſe of the cold-bath; and ſtill a farther proof of it in thoſe children, who go thinly

thinly clad, eſpecially of the poorer ſort, in the Highlands, who remain without ſtockings and ſhoes in all ſeaſons. The ſoftneſs and effeminacy of modern manners have deprived us of our natural defence, againſt the diſeaſes moſt incident to our climate, and ſubject us to all the inconveniencies of a warm one; particularly to that weakneſs and morbid ſenſibility of the nervous ſyſtem, which lays the foundation of moſt of our diſeaſes, and deprives us, at the ſame time, of the ſpirit and reſolution to ſupport them. Among the Balearides the mothers, uſed to ſet up their children's breakfaſts on the branch of a high tree, which the children were to fling at and knock down, or go without any thing that morning: which tended to eſtabliſh the character of that people,

people, ſo famous for their ſtrength and agility.

In Greece, no maxim ever more practically prevailed, than that ſloth and inactivity were equally the parent of diſeaſes of the body, as of vices of the mind. When the body of a ſmith is enfeebled, his arms have greater ſtrength than thoſe of one of better health, and more vigorous conſtitution. In like manner is the mind ſtrengthened by application; and thoſe who never apply to any ſtudy, will ever remain in a ſtate of childhood, liable to every perturbation, and ſuſceptible of every weakneſs, in the ſame manner as the body is affected with cold.

At a certain age children are ſuſceptible of habit, though incapable of reaſon, at this period; therefore, they ſhould

ſhould be accuſtomed to ſubmiſſion. By thus inculcating obedience, before they are able to ſpeak, one of the greateſt difficulties is ſubdued.

For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of nature,
And maſter even the devil, or throw him out,
With wond'rous potency.

If parents manifeſt their affection to children, as ſoon as they can be ſenſible of it, they will gain their confidence; which is the moſt effectual method. As ſoon as reaſon authorizes you, aſſume a deſpotic empire, and teach them never to appeal from your deciſions; and to fear nothing ſo much as being in diſgrace with themſelves on having done any thing to incur a juſt reproach from their parents; which they ſhould never make to their children, without, at the ſame time, rendering

dering them ſenſible, that it is a pain which it is ungenerous in them to occaſion.

A violation of truth, I would puniſh by four days baniſhment, but an acknowledgment of the crime ſhould obtain forgiveneſs. This ſhould be the utmoſt of your ſeverity. Never have recourſe to the cruel cuſtom of beating, or depriving them of their meals; blows are too great a diſgrace to an ingenuous mind, and the want of food is injurious to health. Manual correction blunts the finer feelings of the ſoul, and weakens that ſenſe of ſhame, which, at that age, is perhaps the ſtrongeſt guard of virtue. Children ſhould be puniſhed as nearly as poſſible, in the ſame manner as if they were arrived at years of diſcretion; that is to ſay, by remorſe, by ſhame, and by the loſs of the advantages of ſociety.

Shame,

Shame, that great engine of education, ſhould be employed with great ſparingneſs and attention, not to wear out the ſprings of it by too frequent uſe. Thoſe who are converſant with children, and take the pains of conſidering and watching them in every ſtage, muſt be convinced, that reaſon advances only in proportion to inſtruction, as objects are more clear in proportion as the light approaches; they will ſee that every thing is new and ſtrange to them, and that every thing which does not fall within their own little ſphere appears to them impoſſible.

As ſoon, therefore, as they are capable of reflection, begin to form their minds, by inculcating ſuch principles as are certain and invariable:—theſe are to be found in religion alone.—You will firſt inſtruct them in ſuch points of it as are intelligible

intelligible to them; and, as their underſtandings ſtrengthen, you will explain it more fully.——It is certainly more reaſonable to expect a religious education ſhould have a proper effect on a perſon's conduct, than that an uncultivated mind ſhould produce the fruits of virtue. But even good principles are not always a ſufficient ſecurity from deviation, when violent temptations aſſail; but theſe principles will ſoon influence an offender to a return of duty, and inſpire a ſtricter attention, to avoid future errors.

Though it is neceſſary to promote an emulation in children, yet the greateſt caution is requiſite to prevent it from degenerating into jealouſy. The beſt method to ſuppreſs envy or hatred, is to prefer the action, without reſpect to the perſon; to preſerve the moſt ſcru-

pulous

pulous juſtice in rewards and puniſhments, and never to praiſe one child at the expence of the other. When a child is ſlighted or neglected, he grows ſullen and jealous, and is perhaps, in conſequence, a misfortune to his family, a diſturbance to ſociety. — When this is the caſe, muſt not the fault originate with his parents? It ſhould be their particular care not to render themſelves odious by auſterities of temper, but to gain the affections of their children by ſuch indulgencies as are ſometimes unavoidable. "Reproof (ſays my favourite author *) ſhould not exhauſt its power upon petty failings; let it watch diligently againſt the incurſions of vice, and leave foppery and futility to die of themſelves." This general leſſon may be ex-

* Dr. Johnſon.

tended

tended to children. But this method coſts too much trouble, when they are left to the care of the ſervants; the quickeſt way with them is, that of railing or ſtriking, which does not require much ſkill; and never to take the ſmalleſt trouble to diſguiſe their own feelings. Whereas, to bring them up by reaſon, there muſt be a care, and an attention to their tempers and capacities; a delicacy of which few teachers are capable. The misfortune is, few mothers have patience to take pains in the education of their children; this negligence may be accounted for from their ignorance of the pleaſures which are united with theſe ſolicitudes. A fine lady ſearches after happineſs abroad, while ſhe may enjoy at home the moſt affecting of all ſenſations, by practiſing duties of the laſt importance.

What

What greater felicity can a fond mother poſſeſs, than, in an eaſy familiar manner, to give her children ſuch an inſight into hiſtory, ſuch a taſte for poetry, and other branches of literature, as may ſuit their genius and rank in life! The great Cornelia, mother to the Gracchi, and Aurelia the mother of Auguſtus, did not diſdain this office. I need not obſerve it is neceſſary, girls ſhould be inſpired early with that reſerve becoming their age and ſex. This requires conſtant attention; and for this reaſon an attentive mother will ſtudy to find out their characters, and never prevent them (in private) from talking. The contrary method proceeds from cruelty and ignorance, by which the graces of the mind are ſtifled, and the fineſt period of our lives made one of tireſome reſtraint.

I make no doubt but girls ſo educated, will be preferred to others of better fortunes, brought up in a different manner; for their good principles, health, and ſtrength of mind, will prove more profitable than a more ample dower. To obſerve one's duties, one muſt know them, and be able to diſtinguiſh betwixt thoſe that are *real*, and thoſe that are merely *nominal*.—Many ſuffer reproach, becauſe it is the cuſtom to call one thing *right*, and another *wrong*, without tracing any thing to the bottom. One reaſon why men uſually have ſuch erroneous notions of things, is, becauſe they receive general rules, which yet have many exceptions; or rather it is, becauſe they receive rules as *univerſal* which are only *general*; while, for want of knowledge and judgment, they do not make right diſtinctions between

tween that part of a rule which muſt always be the ſame, and other parts which are liable to change. As the luxury of an age or two ago, is œconomy, and even penury in this, *maxims* muſt vary with *manners*; and even firſt principles change, at leaſt in capacity and extent, with the times. The mind muſt always be impreſſed with ſound principles; *cuſtom* may give the *appearance* of virtue, *ſolid* knowledge can only give the *reality*.—Hence we acquire exactneſs of thought, juſtneſs of action, and propriety of ſpeech; are enabled to diſtinguiſh between truth aud falſhood; and learn that true happineſs conſiſts not ſo much in enlarging our poſſeſſions, as in contracting our deſires.

I am exceedingly concerned to hear of the Prince's tendency to a conſumption;

may the waters at ——— prove ſalutary. As Heaven has favoured you with every circumſtance of human happineſs, perhaps, this allay may be neceſſary to fix your thoughts on a ſuperior felicity, and give you a full evidence of the vanity of human events. I ever am,

Your Highneſs's

affectionate and

ſincere friend,

AMELIA FILMER.

LET-

LETTER LXI.

From the Same, to the Same.

MY DEAR MADAM,

I Hope this will find you Highneſs, and all your family, in perfect health. Agreeable to your deſire, I continue my reveries.

There are many who think politeneſs a very trivial affair; but, if they reflect, they will be very ſoon convinced, that the tranquility, even felicity of our lives, depends as ſtrongly on ſmall things as on great, of which men may be eaſily convinced, if they but reflect how much uneaſineſs they have experienced from croſs accidents, although they related to but trifles; and at the

ſame time remember, that diſquiet is the greateſt evil, from whatever cauſe it may ariſe. We ought never to diſpute ceremonies with our ſuperiors: a ready obedience to their deſires, (which ought to be deemed commands) is true politeneſs. Politeneſs is alſo founded on goodneſs; it muſt therefore conſiſt, in ſpeaking to every perſon in the language he knows beſt: to give attention to him is not merely to be ſilent; but we muſt anſwer what is required of us. We ought never to contradict, except in defence of ourſelves and abſent friends. It is a polite and amiable practice to make ſome excuſe for another; even in thoſe caſes where you are apprenhenſive he may be juſtly blamed.

We ought ſeldom to ſpeak of ourſelves; but it is a duty to bear this fault in others, and an indiſpenſable obligation where

where people are unfortunate. There are many who tire us with their talking, and others by their ſilence. The one exhauſts our *ſpirits*, and the other our *patience*. A medium ſhould be obſerved between the indiſcretion of making others hear us always, and the ſupercilious pleaſure which ſome take in keeping a profound ſilence. I believe however, we repent ten times we have ſpoken, for once that we have been ſilent. Yet I by no means like the maxim of *ſecond thoughts being beſt*. It may ſuit a crafty politician *, but I can by no means approve of it for youth

* Read Sophocles' Philocletes. The dialogue betwixt Philocletes and Neoptolemus, is the moſt complete ſyſtem of diſſimulation I ever read, except a late nobleman's Letters to his Son.

—the former nature dictates, art the latter; for we are by *ſtarts* what we are by *nature*, being at ſuch times off our guard. Third thoughts (it has been obſerved) often coincide with the firſt, and are generally the beſt grounded. "*Un cœur ſerri* (ſays Mrs. Griffith) would diſgueſt me, though the poſſeſſor had ten thouſand amiable qualities; life is ſhort, but were I an antideluvian, I ſhould not think it worth while to ſeek for a heart, that is wrapped up in a hundred and fifty envelopes." It is true, the love of entertaining, and the vanity of being liſtened to with eagerneſs, may lead young people of vivacity to expoſe what prudence ſhould oblige them to conceal.—Yet where there is a good underſtanding, a little experience will lead them to get the better of this folly; peo-

people ſeldom ſpeak ill of themſelves, but when they have a good chance of being *contradicted.*

As to the offence we may give others in converſation, I ſhould ſuppoſe it hardly poſſible for an elegant mind to produce any thing contrary to delicacy. But if from the warmth of temper incident to youth, a young lady has exceeded the due limits of propriety; let her go to the fountain head, and correct her *heart*, not her *tongue*. When, if ſhe is directed by reaſon, and open to conviction, on a review of her conduct ſhe will make on acknowledgment of her fault. Think (ſays ſome author) when you are enraged at any one, what would become of your ſentiments ſhould he die during the diſpute. A man ſhould never bluſh to confeſs that he is in the wrong; for by making ſuch confeſſion, he proves

proves that he is wiſer to-day than he was yeſterday. An error gracefully acknowledged is a victory won; great minds ſubmit not to the meanneſs of being poſitive in error. On any occaſion of this kind, nothing more is neceſſary than to put yourſelf in the party's place, which will obviate a great deal of the jealouſies and little reſentments you may be ſenſible of towards them; and to put *others* in ours, conſiderably abates the pride and haughtineſs of ourſelves. Taſte furniſhes the heart with the moſt delicate ſenſations, and with a certain attentive politeneſs in the commerce of the world, which teaches us to pay a regard to the ſelf-love of thoſe with whom we converſe.

Young people ſeldom pleaſe in converſation: their knowledge *muſt* be very *limited*, which commonly render them poſitive

poſitive in their aſſertions. There are indeed ſome few penetrating minds, with whom a ſhort inſtruction has the effect of a long information; and who, from the little they ſee, imagine all that can be ſeen; but theſe inſtances are very rare. We ſhould learn to diſtinguiſh between *opinion* and *knowledge*, and ſhould have reſolution enough to doubt, when we have no clear notion of things, as well as to have courage to be ignorant of what ſurpaſſes us.

I have already obſerved, in our correſpondence, that a change in dreſs is neceſſary as we advance in life; but of how much greater conſequence is the addreſs? Unaffected modeſty, unſuſpecting innocence, and amiable ſincerity, ſoftneſs, exquiſite ſenſibility, and tenderneſs of heart, are the characteriſtics of youth: but in middle life theſe muſt undergo

undergo material changes. What formerly was *agreeable gaiety* would now be *levity*; to be admired might then be a young lady's *deſire*, to deſerve reſpect is now her duty. *One* is as eaſy as the *other:* and a woman is very blind to her own intereſt, who thinks ſhe loſes by the exchange. Hitherto, from being accuſtomed to feel nothing in her heart but what was ſtrictly honourable, ſhe was above all diſguiſe, and had ſometimes *diſcovered* what ſhe ought to have concealed, having not then ſeen enough of the world to be humbled at a diſcovery of her own credulity. Her *artleſſneſs* and *ſincerity*, muſt now be tinctured with *worldly prudence*; ſhe had before judged others by herſelf, diſtruſt is not natural to a virtuous mind: can thoſe poſſibly ſuſpect deceit who are incapable of practiſing it? Credulity

is

is the common failing of inexperienced virtue. She may now with dignity, as well as virtue, cenſure a *double entendre*, though it was not conſiſtent before, with the amiable timidity, that feminine reſerve, which gives ſuch charms to extreme youth. There are many occaſions where ladies of delicacy are put to the bluſh. Affected ignorance can never be graceful, or a proof of delicacy in a married woman: on the contrary, a woman of virtue would be wanting to her character, if ſhe had not courage enough to expreſs her reſentmenr of any diſcourſe that is meant as an inſult to modeſty. It is a difficult province for a woman who wiſhes to pleaſe, and yet is deſirous of preſerving her dignity, to preſerve that juſt *medium* that is the perfection of her character; too much ſeverity diſcourages, and an overſtrained com-

complaiſance, may be an *alcali* for the ſourneſs of ſeverity, and ſeverity gives poignancy to complaiſance. This æquilibrium is difficult to be preſerved, which is the reaſon why ſo few attain it. But in this, as in every other ſpecies of converſation, it is the underſtanding which muſt direct, in regarding times, tempers, and occaſions. As we ſhould adopt the ſtyle of our writing to the capacity of the perſon to whom it is addreſſed, ſo ſhould we our manner of acting; for as perſons of inferior *underſtanding* will miſconceive, and perhaps, ſuſpect ſome ſophiſtry from an elegance of expreſſion which they cannot *comprehend*, ſo perſons of inferior *ſentiments*, will probably miſtake the intention, or even ſuſpect a fraud from a delicacy of acting, which they want *hearts* to *feel*. If a lady poſſeſſes any ſuperior talents

natural

natural or acquired, they muſt not appear with all their luſtre to dazzle the eyes, or confound the underſtanding; one of diſtinguiſhed abilities ſeems obliged to ſome terms of condeſcenſion, as a tax on her genius. The diſcourſe of ſome people is like the ſtars, which give little light, becauſe they are ſo high. With facility ſhe can deſcend to their apprehenſions when they cannot mount up to her's. But this muſt not ſeem to be the effect of a deſigned condeſcenſion; for this is ſtill more mortifying to pride than the other. It has been obſerved, nothing offends more than explaining things too particularly in our converſation; where more is meant than meets the ear, it is always a compliment to the ſagacity of the company; which will render you at leaſt

not

not arrogant to thoſe who do not underſtand you; to the others, it is pretty much the ſame; it is probable they will be pleaſed at your giving them the credit of what they are ignorant of. This obſervation however, I ſhould ſuppoſe can only extend to a few, whoſe ſuperiority muſt be univerſally acknowledged before they can flatter people's ſelf-love, by acting as Socrates adviſed Alcibiades, to conſider his hearers as ſo many cabbage-ſtocks. The beſt judges have obſerved that the ſureſt way to pleaſe, is not to ſay what may be ſaid, but to make way for others to do it. Our converſation ſhould appear always natural, and ſuggeſted by the occaſion, not ſtrained, nor premeditated: if we deliver our reaſons with equal ſimplicity and accuracy we ſhall be elo-

eloquent — But above all things let us never loſe ſight of my conſtant maxim: "Nor too little, nor too much."

Nature *pleaſes*, affectation *diſguſts*. A perſon of good ſenſe will eaſily diſcern what will be agreeable to the company. It is as ridiculous by the force of ſuperior knowledge, or affected language, to expect to gain the attention of a mixed company, as it would be to catch a herd of deer by the beat of drum. Moſt people are frightened by the name of argument, and are ſooner convinced by a happy turn, or a quick *repartee*, than by a *clear demonſtration*. So far from pleaſing, a woman of learning is reckoned one of the moſt ridiculous creatures in nature; and the reſtraint people are laid under by her preſence, muſt render her highly diſguſting, as it muſt baniſh from their con-

verſation all that freedom, gaiety, and eaſe, in which they would naturally indulge themſelves before people of *leſs wiſdom*. The eaſe and ſweets of ſocial intercourſe, are only to be enjoyed among thoſe who are as heedleſs and unguarded as ourſelves. But let us be careful of running into the other extreme. What is called negligence in Lady —— is extreme affectation! ſince it is evident ſhe ſo much over-acts her part to ſhow that ſhe is *not attending*—and that is *attending too much*.—And becauſe ſhe exceeds the limits of mediocrity, that negligence of hers is affected and diſagreeable, and makes her ſhoot quite beyond her aim, which *is to conceal her art*.

There are ſome people, who, priding themſelves on being particular, view nothing in the ſame light with the generality

lity of mankind. They affect this ſingularity to ſhew the depth of their underſtanding, which would not have it ſuppoſed they could be impoſed on. I always let ſuch have their own way. If we accurately obſerve the humours of mankind, there is nothing which ſooner, or more certainly provokes a man, than the giving a check to his deſires and inclinations even in the moſt trifling affair. Being abſent in company is inexcuſable, becauſe it creates offence. Lord Cheſterfield ſays to his ſon, "A man never is *abſent*, either in preſence of a *man* he *fears*, or a *woman* he *loves*." The ſame may be ſaid to the want of all attentions. A. Gellius mentions a remarkable inſtance how much the Romans were offended with a man for gaping before the

Cenſors, for which he would have been ſeverely puniſhed, had he not declared upon oath he did it involuntarily, and that it was a kind of diſeaſe. It is to be regretted that ſcandal, like irreligion, gives too great a reliſh to people's enjoyments; but the cenſorious forget, that in artfully deſcribing the characters of others, they undeſignedly diſplay their own. I have ſeldom heard a woman talk with violence (on the unfortunate of her own ſex) who was either of an eſtabliſhed, or unſuſpicious character. Cenſure is a diſeaſe of the mind, which owes its riſe to a criminal curioſity of liſtening to ſtories, and an ill-natured credulity in ſuch reports as tend to the diſreputation of others; and in a great meaſure owes its birth to man's conſciouſneſs

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ou'neſs of his own ſecret corruptions. You are too amiable for me to fear any thing of this kind from you; let me only intreat you, as I know your high and juſt ideas of *right* and *wrong*, to ſoften the ſeverity of your virtue in the caſes of other perſons.

They are only the *pretended* votaries to virtue, who are inflexible to penitent offenders. Real goodneſs is never ſevere, but delights in perceiving a return to virtue. And indeed how can we reaſonably expect forgiveneſs of our own faults, if we refuſe it to others? Let us, my amiable friend, reſpect ourſelves, and cultivate in us a charitable diſpoſition of mind. If people attended to what is amiſs in *themſelves*, they would be leſs at leiſure, to remark on the conduct of *others*. They who are much inclined to cenſure are but in-

differently diſpoſed to profit. We had better find out *one* fault in ourſelves than ten in any *other* perſon.

I ever am your Highneſs's

affectionate friend,

and humble ſervant,

AMELA FILMER.

LETTER LXII.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady BRUCE.

London.

DEAR MADAM,

THE Prince De la Roſcelli, Lord F——, with Mr. Trueman, dined here yeſterday.

Mr.

Mr. Trueman, in my opinion, has every merit that can diſtinguiſh a human being. The manly beauty of his perſon, the elegance of his manners and politeneſs of his addreſs, can only be equalled by the extent of his learning, the profundity of his knowledge, and innate modeſty. But as the Prince and his gentlemen are to accompany Lord F— to Scotland, you will ſee them all at Bruce-hill in their way.—Lord F—— knew Mr. Finlay abroad, has a great reſpect for him, and was carried home one day lately to dine with him; he ſaid Lady Julia was dreſſed with the utmoſt neatneſs, waiting to receive him, whom ſhe welcomed with a ſmile of complacency: not like certain fine ladies, who are enraged if their huſbands bring in an unexpected gueſt, without previouſly informing them,

that they be enabled to provide a ſacrifice for their own vanity. "Lady Julia, ſaid Lord F——, received me with the utmoſt chearfulneſs: made indeed ſome apology for their ſtyle of living; but it was politely turned as a compliment to my friendſhip, which could carry me where I was ſure of being ſo ill entertained.

Lord F—— agrees entirely with my ſon in his opinion of Mr. Druce, who ſucceeded Mr. Trueman with his Grace (when Lord Dacres), and has ever ſince been his boſom friend. I aſked them gravely, how they could reconcile their good opinion of him, with his practice, as he adapts himſelf to every appearance, every circumſtance, every diſpoſition and ſituation of life, though at the expence of his ſincerity, if neceſſary for his intereſt?

Lord

Lord F—— told me, he had once ſpoken to him on that ſubject, when he anſwered him as follows, "A perſon that is dependent, is obliged to comply with a thouſand caprices, to concur in a thouſand follies, and countenance a thouſand errors, of which in his own mind he does not approve. I never yet knew a man who did not *hate* the perſon who ſeemed not to have the ſame opinion of him as he had of himſelf; and as that very ſeldom happens, I believe it is one of the chief cauſes of the malignity mankind have againſt each other. The oracles of Apollo, in nothing diſcovered their knowledge and the juſtneſs of their pretenſions to inſpiration, more than in gratifying all their inquirers. The ſubtle managers of that myſtery were acquainted with the prevalent paſſions of thoſe who came for in-

information, and left a conſtant room for vanity, ſuperſtition, and ignorance to pleaſe themſelves; they did not fail to pronounce ſucceſs to thoſe conquerors who could demoliſh their temples; or to proclaim thoſe the wiſeſt philoſophers who were the moſt capable of diſcovering the cheat. Whoever, ſaid he, would deceive the multitude, let him not deſpair of perſuading them to believe any one thing in the world except truth." "Mr. Druce therefore (ſaid Lord F——) ſo far from endeavouring to undeceive mankind againſt their inclinations, rather confirms the fooliſh in the notion, nothing is ſo inſipid as good ſenſe. He makes the prodigal believe he is generous, and the miſer that is only an œconomiſt; the rich man that he is a ſcholar, a hero, a patron of the Muſes, and a favourite of the ladies. This method

thod of converſing with mankind is attended with infinitely greater advantages than one would at firſt imagine: it gains their affections and their confidence, and raiſes the idea of our merit in proportion to the opinion they have of their own. Plauſibility is a more marketable quality than good ſenſe. "I aſked Mr. Druce, when abroad, ſaid my ſon, his opinion of Lord Dacres:" he anſwered, "I depend, ſir, upon your honour, and I ſpeak without reſerve; he has the *bluntneſs* of an Engliſhman, without his *honeſty*; the *petulance* of a Frenchman, without his *ſprightlineſs*; the *jealouſy* of a Spaniard, without his *gravity*; and the *roughneſs* of a Ruſſian, without his zeal to be *ſerviceable*." I could not help again expreſſing my ſurprize to him, that a man of his good

ſenſe

ſenſe could bear the company of the Duke and his drunken companions; he replied, "Alas! ſir, there is a great difference betwixt *choice* and *neceſſity*. As to drinking, it is eaſy to decline any exceſs of that kind, if a man is known to have eſtabliſhed rules to himſelf from which he will not depart. But it muſt not be refuſed ſullenly, (eſpecially by a man that is dependent) and mirth and good humour muſt be more ſtudiouſly kept up by the perſon who otherwiſe would be looked as a ſpy on unguarded folly. Will he not then be more eſteemed by the company, although they may not have ſtrength of mind to follow his examples."

I am ſo ſurpriſed, I can hardly proceed; Mr. Finlay, and ſome others dined yeſterday at ——, near town: there were ſome poiſon in the wine or victuals:

victuals: Mr. Finlay they think cannot ſurvive it.

Farewell, my dear friend: I ever am with regard,

Your affectionate friend,

and humble ſervant,

AMELIA FILMER.

LETTER LXIII.

From Lady BRUCE to Lady FILMER.

OH! my dear friend, it is too much! No language can convey to you the ſenſations of my heart! *What am I, O Lord! and what is my father's houſe, that thou ſhouldeſt ſtill follow me with thy bleſſings?* In acknowledging ſo highly the merit of Mr. Trueman, you have approved

proved my ſon worthy of your regard. It is ſaid in Scripture, *that all things ſhall work together for the good of thoſe that love God.*

But how imperfect have been my ſervices; and in giving way to anxiety for this beloved ſon, how often have I arraigned the juſtice of Providence! It was *you*, Madam, who calmed my ſoul, it was *you* made me humble myſelf to Almighty God; and it is *you* alone who have procured to me theſe bleſſings. How vain, how weak is human prudence? What care, what foreſight, what imagination could contrive ſuch bleſſed events to make me happy, as Providence in one ſhort hour has laid before me? Soon after Mr. Lewis's return to the country, he came to Bruce-hill. Exclusive of the reſpect due to a divine of his diſtinguiſhed worth, ſome diſtant hopes

I yet entertained rendered me very deſirous of ſeeing him. I found his converſation highly entertaining; but as if nature had informed me of the truth, I found every particular concerning Mr. Trueman intereſt me ſtrongly. I dwelt with rapture upon his character, and could never hear him ſufficiently applauded. As Mr. Lewis was acquainted with my connections, and former ſituation, from Sir James, I flattered myſelf, I obſerved a ſomething in his countenance, when ſpeaking of Mr. Trueman, that could not deceive a mother. But for ſhame, I ſhould have claſped his knees, and conjured him to tell me every thing about my ſon! One day, however, I ventured to aſk his chriſtian name, upon his anſwering Edward, I cried out, *It is, it muſt be he!* But upon my dear Sir James's deſiring me

me to compoſe myſelf, and not to give way to deluſive hopes, I acquieſced. But upon the arrival of the Prince, Lord F——, and Mr. Trueman, I was ſo agitated, I was no longer miſtreſs of myſelf. It appeared to me, as if the whole fate of my life depended on a ſingle point, to confirm or confute my hopes. A pleaſing error is not eaſily detected. I ran, I returned, I ſat down, got up, halted again, took drops, came back; and then walked forward, as if I expected ſentence of death to be pronounced againſt me. Under this anxiety of ſpirits, I entered my drawing-room, ſupported by Sir James, my knees knocking under me, without having ſufficient ſtrength of mind to venture to look up, or to do the honours of my houſe with any propriety. Figure my emotions, when I heard the words pronounced,

nounced, "Gracious Heaven! I thank you, it is her!" then venturing to look up, I beheld the moſt amiable of human figures advancing. And then kneeling, and clinging round me, conjuring me in the tendereſt and moſt endearing accents to pardon him.

The feeble body is too weak to bear the rapid and violent emotions of the ſoul, when it is filled and agitated with an exceſſive joy. The heart is capable of bearing but a ſmall degree of joy, it may be over-charged with it, and be rent and deſtroyed with the irreſiſtible efforts of it; according to the ſeveral degrees of which, it is evident it often occaſions extaſies, ſwoonings, and death.

After ſtaring wildly at him, it ſeems I ſaid, "My ſon, my ſon!" and fainted away in his arms. This is the Agamemnon of the picture, over whoſe face it is ne-

ceſſary to draw a veil, from the impoſſibility of faithfully repreſenting it.

I remained ſo long inſenſible, that they became alarmed: I was let blood, and by degrees recovered, after a violent fit of crying. The ſcene was truly affecting to every one. My amiable Lucy thought I was actually dead; which rendering her regardleſs of every other perſon preſent, ſhe gave a looſe to her tears. After I was perfectly recovered, ſhe was obliged to retire for the reſt of the day, ſhe was ſo much indiſpoſed. My worthy ſon aſſured me, he had never ceaſed, for one inſtant, to love, to reſpect, and honour me; but that theſe very affections had induced him to fly from me, as he had intimated in his letter. "Oh! my child, ſaid I to him, how are our ſorrows paſt over-paid by ſuch a meeting! Though

I have

I have loſt ſo many years of ſoft maternal joys; yet in one day to find thee in ſuch perfect felicity! is ample, ample reparation!"

After we were all a little compoſed, for I may ſay *all* were deeply intereſted in my Edward, he gently reproached Mr. Lewis for not advertiſing him of his happineſs, which might have armed him with reſolution to have behaved with greater propriety: "Beſides, added he, my dear friend, how could you be ſo cruel as to defer giving me that joy which you knew I muſt receive from this knowledge? You have robbed my life of ſome months of pleaſure that ought to have been in it." Mr. Lewis anſwered, he had reſiſted every temptation to the contrary, in order to make the diſcovery more agreeable. "My expectations have been anſwered: what, ſaid he,

excluſive of my Lady's fainting, could be more joyful or more tender than your meeting! A few of thoſe exquiſite moments, of which the beſt minds are only capable, over-balance the longeſt enjoyments, which can ever fall to the lot of the worſt." The Prince acquainted me with his obligations to my ſon; and that he had ſettled 7000 *l.* per ann. on him and his heirs for ever, with leave to ſell the property and purchaſe in Great Britain.

You may believe we all extolled his Highneſs's generoſity; he anſwered, "Can I do too much for the man, who has been a kind of ſubordinate guardian angel to me?"

It muſt be obſerved, thoſe who immoderately extenuate their actions by their words, and renounce thoſe honours which are indiſputably their due;

due; by that very conduct, diſcover as great a degree of pride, as thoſe who in this reſpect uſurp what does not belong to them. My ſon only bowed, and ſaid he ſhould ever be grateful for the Prince's goodneſs.

We are to take a tour to Scotland. The Prince accompanies Lord F——; Edward muſt attend him. Farewel, my beloved friend,

your's ever gratefully,

and affectionately,

MARY BRUCE.

LETTER LXV.

From the Same, to the Same.

Edinburgh.

MY DEAR MADAM,

WE arrived here a week ago, and were ſitting at dinner yeſterday, when the landlord came into the room, and aſked if Mr. Lewis, who is with us, was not an Engliſh clergyman; upon our anſwering in the affirmative, he begged he would go to ſee a dying gentleman, who was deſirous of ſpeaking to him. This proved to be Mr. Plot, the writer or attorney of whom you have heard me ſpeak. I told Mr. Lewis I knew him very well, and had ſuſpected

ſuſpected ſome dark doings on his part in favour of his brother, who had been my huſband's principal creditor. Sir James anſwered, they could not poſſibly be in worſe hands, as he knew him to be a raſcal. Lord F— looked very grave, and ſaid, that Mr. Plot's name had recalled to his remembrance all the irregularities of his youth, which had all originated from him. When Mr. Lewis returned, he acquainted us, that this man had ſaid to him, "O Sir, what is your opinion of a death-bed repentance?" "If repentance is ſincere, cried Mr. Lewis, I hope, through the mercies and merits of our moſt powerful and benign Interceſſor, it will never come too late." "Oh Sir, ſaid Mr. Plot, you ſpeak comfort to my ſoul. But one of the miniſters of this city was always, though a holy man, of

a different opinion * ; what dreadful ideas I have ! horrible recollection ! unutterable miſery ! it is not to be borne ! I ſuffer ſtrangely."—Mr. Lewis called for help ; he was afraid he would have died. Upon his recovering a little, he looked eagerly about for him. Where is my deliverer ?" ſaid he, then ſeizing his hand ſaid, " Tell me, aſſure me that I am forgiven, that it is poſſible I can be forgiven of God !" Then growing calm he ſaid, " But do you not think, Sir, that in order to obtain pardon for any great ſin we have committed, by an injury done to our neighbour, it is neceſſary,

* See an Eſſay on the indiſpenſable Neceſſity of a holy and good Life to the Happineſs of Heaven ; ſhewing that this Neceſſity, according to the plain Tenor of the Goſpel, is without any Reſerve or Exception. By W. Wiſhart, D. D. Principal of the College of Edinburgh.

as far as in us lies. to make all the amends we can to the injured party; and to undo, if poſſible, the injury we have done?" "Moſt undoubtedly, cries Mr. Lewis; our pretence to repentance would otherwiſe be groſs hypocriſy, and an impudent attempt to deceive and impoſe on our Creator himſelf. Now if you repent ſincerely, it is probable by reaſon, it is certain by revelation, that God will pardon thoſe that ſincerely repent." He then told Mr. Lewis, that he had lived in reputation for forty years; had never been detected; but was the greateſt of villains. That he had wiſhed to confeſs his guilt, as a relief to his conſcience; but was aſhamed to humiliate himſelf to the miniſters of the place; and the one he regarded moſt, never attended any perſon on a death-bed. He then acknow-

acknowledged many, many ſins, but in particular, that he had had the management of all Mr. Roſs's affairs, which he had purpoſely perplexed. And that as ſoon as the coal had been diſcovered, he had bribed the workmen to ſecrecy—and had infuſed poiſon into his wine; and, after his death, had contrived that his brother ſhould ſeize the eſtate as principal creditor.

Mr. Lewis told him, he muſt declare this before proper witneſſes, in order to its having the deſired effect, to put the right owner into poſſeſſion. He complied, and he confirmed what he had before declared, giving a box of papers, which he ſaid would be indiſputable evidences in corroborating the facts. He then fell into ſtrong convulſions: as ſoon as he had a little interval, he ſaid,

"A

"A hundred voices cry for judgment on me!—It is pronounced—already, I am in torment."

Thus he lay groaning out the remains of life, his heart ſtruggling with convulſive ſhocks —— pains inſupportable throbbing in every pulſe, and innumerable darts of agony transfixing his conſcience *, until death put an end to his exiſtence. Happy as this diſcovery is for my ſon, there are circumſtances attending it ſo ſhocking, as to affect me ſenſibly. Sir James cannot but approve of my ſenſibility for my poor poiſoned unfortunate huſband, who engaged my earlieſt affections, was the friend of my heart, and the father of my Edward. Yet I muſt not appear too ſorrowful;

* See a valuable poem, entitled, The Grave.

and

and though I feel my heart ready to burſt, at a thouſand tender recollections, I muſt, I will ſuppreſs them; it would be an indelicacy to the beſt of men. Is not this an argument againſt ſecond marriages? I love, I revere my dear Sir James; but to ſorrow in ſecret, for my poiſoned Charles, would be the greateſt luxury; yet I am tremblingly alive to all my huſband's kindneſs for me and mine.

I had written ſo far, when Sir James, ſlipping behind me, had read what I wrote. I heard him exclaim, "By Heaven, Madam, your ſorrow ſhall be ſacred! I honour, I adore you for it. The ſenſations your delicacy of ſentiment has produced on my mind, ſurpaſſes what the moſt enraptured youth could have felt for you in your bloom of youth.

Such

Such a huſband! can I be otherwiſe than happy? yet my mind leads me much to melancholy." As Sir James ſaw my letter, I will not ſhut myſelf up this evening, as I had wiſhed to do: you muſt know, this week happens to be the election of the peers; there is a great ball to-morrow night.

In a former letter I acquainted you, the Duke of N——'s mother had been a ſiſter of Lord O——s; in conſequence of this connection, Sir James, and family, were invited to dinner, and to go to the ball afterwards. We declined it. I ſent a card to your friend the Ducheſs of B——, begging leave to have the honour to attend her Grace with my daughter.

Farewell, my dear friend; you know my heart, judge of the variety of feelings it has undergone within this very ſhort

ſhort time;—but whilſt it beats, it will be

your's

MARY BRUCE.

LETTER LXVI.

From the Same, to the Same.

DEAR MADAM,

WE went to the ball with your friend, the Ducheſs of B——. The Prince opened the ball with the Ducheſs of B——. Edward and Lucy accidentally danced a minuet together: inſtantly a murmur of applauſe ran through the whole room; The elegant, the charming couple! there never was

was ſuch fine dancing as this gentleman's! The truth is, without partiality, I never ſaw a finer figure; his clothes were a preſent from the Prince, which he had inſiſted on his wearing that evening: it was a violet coloured ſilk, with an *epaulette* of diamonds, &c. Edward was reckoned in Paris the beſt dancer there: his maſter was the great Marcel, who publiſhed a treatiſe on the power and efficacy of that art, in refining the mind, and infuſing ſentiments of elegance and delicacy; and advanced, there was no truer method of diſcovering the elevation, or meanneſs of temper and diſpoſition of a man, than to ſee him in the different attitudes of dancing. After his dancing was ſo much admired, the next thing was, Who is this gentleman? The anſwer, Mr. Roſs, nephew to Sir Benjamin Roſs, and

ſon

ſon to Lady Bruce, was whiſpered through the room. The congratulations his relations met with on his account, completed their confuſion.

Lord Myrtle, the ſon of Lord O——, retired into a corner. Sir Benjamin Roſs, at the time Edward danced, was chatting with Sir James: he called out, he had never ſeen ſo fine a young man in his life. Sir James let him run on in praiſe of Edward's dancing, and then ſaid, "Give me leave, Sir, to wiſh you joy of your nephew; whoſe fortune is too conſiderable to be eſſentially ſerved by any of his relations." He retired ſtaring, and ſeeming to doubt the reality of what he had heard.

Sir James Ramſay joined us, is more in love than ever with Lucy; but ſhe is ſtill averſe to him; there is a delicacy in women, which will not ſuffer them

even

even to be eaſy in the preſence of a man whom they know to have pretenſions, which they are not inclined to favour. This amiable girl has a melancholy hanging over her, which I cannot account for; ſhe is alſo often indiſpoſed, and much altered. Lord Myrtle, my ſiſter's ſon, admires her alſo: as it is known Sir James will give her ten thouſand pounds to her fortune, the parents readily conſented, and employed Sir Benjamin Roſs to propoſe it. So true the obſervation,

For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend.

And beginning to feel the conſciouſneſs of having made but a bad figure in our adventures, they were deſirous of coming to an accommodation. Sir James made anſwer, that as no part in my conduct

had ever been ſuch as could juſtify their neglect of me, that he ſuppoſed I could never bring myſelf to look upon them as relations; that he had conſidered my character thoroughly, and knew, that what perſon ſoever I found worthy of my eſteem, I would not give up for any conſideration; and the greateſt on earth, whom I did not eſteem, could not obtain from me any farther tribute than decency. When he acquainted me with this converſation, my ſentiments entirely correſponded with his. I ſaid, I ſhould receive a viſit from Lady O——, as his wife, *conſcious* to him *alone* I owed her attention.

We met at Sir Benjamin Roſs's — a moſt aukward meeting it was to them: for my own part, I was perfectly at eaſe. Farewel, my amiable, my *real*, my *true* friend,

friend, I am never ſo proud as when I receive your letters, nor ſo humble as when I would anſwer them.

Ever Your's,

MARY BRUCE.

LETTER LXVII.

From the Same, to the Same.

Bruce-hill.

DEAR MADAM.

WE arrived here ten days ago; I reſiſted ſtaying longer in Scotland, on account of Mrs. Bruce, who, ſince our arrival, has preſented us with another grandſon. Lord Myrtle and Sir James Ramſay are here. Lucy is very

melancholy, and declines much in her health. I believe I wrote to you ſome time ago, that Mr. Moſs was killed by a fall from his horſe; his lovely wife has been in great affliction; one little girl only, ſhe has to conſole her, for his loſs. I ſhould ſend Lucy to her, but that I think it will hurt them both. We were for ſome little time at Lord F—'s; it is a noble ſeat, but in great diſorder. My ſon's eſtate is within two miles of it, but we never had any connection with the late Earl.

A covetous man as naturally ſhuns the company of an extravagant one, unleſs he has a great eſtate, and can make a prey of him, as an envious ugly woman does that of a handſome one, unleſs ſhe can contrive to do her ſome miſchief by converſing with her. Scotland, your Ladyſhip knows, is a mountainous country, but in many places has

as

as fine vallies as any in England: there is a great deal of good and uſeful timber in many places of Scotland.

We regretted very much we could not ſhew the Prince Arthur's Oven; it formerly ſtood upon the eſtate of Sir Michael Bruce, near Falkirk: it was a noble miniature of the Pantheon at Rome, and the admiration of all men of taſte. Does not the gentleman who ſuffered it to be demoliſhed, deſerve condemnation as much as the Roman general Sylla, for the deſtruction of the famous Lyceum? We went and ſaw the chapel at Roſline, with which the Prince was greatly charmed. It is ſituated on a riſing-ground, beautified with wood, water and rock: the Eſk, gliding along the weſt and ſouth foot of the hill. The chapel is all of free-ſtone, and one of the moſt curious

pieces of old Gothic workmanſhip in Europe.

The Prince's indignation was excited to ſee the chapel of Holyrood-houſe, the repoſitory of the remains of our crowned heads, without a roof,

Learn hence ye vulgar ſouls, to die without repining.
MALHERBE.

The Greeks, you know, from whom the Prince is deſcended, were always fond of ſepulture. In the hiſtory of the Lower Empire, I was ſtruck with the animated and affecting deſcription of the Greeks expulſion from Belgrade by the Grand Signor, in 1739, when that place was delivered up to him by a treaty with the Emperor. "They were forced (ſays he) to wreſt the women from the tombs of their huſbands, their children, and fathers, to which they clung and ſup-

ſupported themſelves, until ſpent with tears, and fainting with grief, they were borne for ever from the remains of perſons ſo dear to them *."

The Italians have imitated the Greeks, in their love of ſepulture.

What an extent muſt the Catacombs of St. Sebaſtian be in Italy? forty-eight miles long, conſiſting of labyrinths of narrow, dark, humid alleys, lined with tombs.

"Do not imagine, ſaid the Prince, that this view of mortality among the tombs, is altogether diſmal and gloomy. The ſpecies of horror ſuch a ſpectacle impreſſes on an honeſt and gentle mind, is greatly alleviated by the variety of objects around it. Curioſity, and even humanity, finds a ſweet ſatisfaction

* Hiſt. du Bas Empire, tom. iii. p. 414.

from the inſcriptions which give, as it were, a language to the tombs, and where, too often, unfortunate mortals receive the firſt recompence of their virtues from ſociety. Envy being ſilenced, the veil is removed that kept merit and juſtice aſunder.

I have preſented his Highneſs with Mr. Hervey's Meditations among the Tombs, with which he is much delighted. Farewel, my reſpectable and much beloved friend.

Ever gratefully your's,

MARY BRUCE.

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LETTER LXVIII.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady BRUCE.

DEAR MADAM,

I ſincerely rejoice in your happineſs. I now aſk you pardon for keeping you in the dark with regard to your ſon: I diſcovered who he was, and ſuſpected it long before I ſaw him. I only kept it concealed, in order to make the diſcovery more joyful; had any bad conſequences aroſe from your exceſs of joy, I ſhould have been unhappy for the remainder of my life. How unthinking I was! The heart can no more ſupport immoderate joy than exceſs of grief; the one is deſtructive by too much dilating it, the other by too great a depreſſion; and it is

equal

equal whether the veſſel be cruſhed by too ſtrong a preſſure without, or burſt by too violent an extenſion within. Although, my dear friend, I have repeatedly tranſmitted to you my congratulations by others, I cannot help now repeating them myſelf. My dear Sir John's death, my conſtant attendance on him until that mournful period, the having been confined to my bed ever ſince, have till now prevented me writing to you. I have examined myſelf thoroughly, on the cauſe of my great grief: it muſt either flow from one of theſe cauſes; either that I think his death a diminution of my happineſs, or of his; or elſe I grieve I know not why, and conſequently my grief is unreaſonable. In the firſt caſe, I muſt be moved by intereſt and ſelf-love, not by the love of my friend. On the other hand, if my friend's

friend's happineſs be the occaſion of it, I muſt have an ill opinion of his condition; and if I conceive, that my friend's felicity depends entirely upon the union of ſoul and body, my faith is as doubtful as my happineſs. Is not grief then an effect of infidelity? Is it not impious and unreaſonable, as deviating from that perfect obedience and reſignation we owe to God; and, therefore, not allowable in a wiſe and virtuous man, who makes it his endeavour to know and perform his duty?—I have now in ſome meaſure recovered my tranquility. I endeavour to divert my attention, and to amuſe my mind.

My amiable Harriet has ſupplied to you my correſpondence *. She acquainted

* Theſe letters do not appear.

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ed you, that Mr. Finlay did not ſurvive the Duke but two days, from the effects of the poiſon. Lady Harriet has been as much with his diſconſolate and affected widow, as ſhe could ſpare from me. The Ducheſs of A—— has conducted herſelf through the whole ſeaſon, in which grief is to make its appearance on the outſide of the body, with the ſtricteſt regard to all the rules of cuſtom and decency, ſuiting the alterations of her countenance to the ſeveral alterations of her habit; for as it varied from ſilk to bombazine, from bombazine to grey, from grey to white; ſo did her woeful countenance change from diſmal to ſorrowful, from ſorrowful to ſad, and from ſad to ſerious; till the happy day came, in which ſhe was allowed to return to her former ſerenity. You ſtart, and ſay, if

ſhe

ſhe is ſo great a ſtickler to forms, it is not yet arrived.—I anſwer, the Ducheſs mourns according to the court.

I find Lord Myrtle and Sir James Ramſay have not ſucceeded in their addreſſes to Miſs Bruce.

Farewell, my amiable, my beloved Friend; Heaven confirm, and continue all your bleſſings to you. But let us never forget, that upon whatever foundation happineſs is built, when that fails, it muſt be deſtroyed; for which reaſon, it is wiſdom to chuſe ſuch a foundation for it, as is not liable to deſtructive accidents. If happineſs is founded upon the health, the welfare, the life of our friends, a thouſand diſeaſes, ten thouſand fatal accidents have power to deſtroy it; but, if it be founded upon the infinite bounty and goodneſs of God, and upon thoſe

virtues

virtues that may obtain his favour, its foundation is immoveable, and its duration eternal.

Once more adieu.

Ever your's,

AMELIA FILMER.

LETTER LXIX.

From Sir EDWARD Ross, to Lord TRUBY.

MY DEAR LORD, Edinburgh.

I Am juſt returned from doing the laſt offices to my uncle, Sir Benjamin Roſs, to whoſe title and eſtate I ſucceed. His illneſs, late fondneſs for me, my duty in comforting and attending him, confined me to this place, contrary

trary to my moſt ardent wiſhes, eager deſires, and fondeſt hopes, which would have carried me to Bruce-hill. Now, alas; it is too late, for my peace or happineſs; but I flatter myſelf I have been the means, under Providence, of inſpiring my uncle with a true ſenſe of things, and of the importance of thoſe duties he had before neglected. He was about fifty-five, and (with many others) had taken up the prepoſterous reſolution of delaying to be virtuous till they grow in years, imagining that wiſdom is the natural conſequence of old age; as if that which is the greateſt *imperfection* of human nature, were moſt proper to confer upon us the higheſt *perfection* of it. Now, my dear friend, virtue is a habit of the mind, to be acquired with great diligence and ſtudy, and to be with difficulty impreſſed on the

the ſoul; if vice has gotten a long and undiſturbed poſſeſſion of it, that vice muſt be diſlodged by great exertion, and a perſevering reſolution. Thoſe ever multiplying *Hydra*'s heads are not to be lopped off eaſily, and it were but folly to attempt the *labour* of a Hercules without his ſtrength; nor can ſo difficult a work be ſucceſsfully undertaken, otherwiſe than by the help of that divine and irreſiſtible power which is communicated to man by the divine grace. My uncle declared, the laſt ſix weeks he lived, had been the happieſt in his life. He was a man of ſenſe, my Lord, and after the miſt raiſed by his paſſions was removed from his eyes, he ſpoke to me as follows; may his experience, and the ſentiments he expreſſed at that aweful time, ſtrike deep into my heart, and that of my friend,

friend, and influence our future conduct!

After repeatedly aſking of me, with inutterable anguiſh of heart, if when the ſprightlieſt part of his life had been ſpent in vice, whether the dregs of it were a fit offering for God? he acquainted me, the inconveniencies and errors he had fallen into, had ariſen from the fickleneſs of his humour. It were good, therefore, thoroughly to underſtand ourſelves, to prevent the miſeries accruing from this cauſe. "We think, perhaps, ſaid he, this inſtant, that ſuch a thing would pleaſe us, and make us happy; this becomes our reigning paſſion, which we ſpare no pains to procure; tho' it is ten to one, by that time we ſucceed, our humour is altered, our labour loſt, and all our expectations of happineſs fruſtrated; and then our

inconſtant fancy fixes upon ſome other thing, perſuading us, that it is *that* muſt give us content; which alſo obtained, from the ſame cauſe diſappoints us as much as the former. How frequently are people's happineſs deſtroyed by this alone? imagining, that the warmth of the preſent temper will continue, and procure them ſatisfaction in deſpight of all the inconveniencies that may attend the gratification of it; but that eagerneſs unexpectedly relaxing, leaves them in a maze, defrauded of their happineſs, and loaded with vexation. How many women (from this cauſe) ſaid he, have I ruined, abandoned, and remained perfectly ſatisfied with myſelf, as the world conſidered me only as a man of gallantry?

"Reputation is no rule of action; the only rule we can be direct by, is the united

united principle of reaſon and religion. The principal thing towards which a wiſe man ought to bend his thoughts, deſigns, and actions, is the approbation and favour of God, the eternal enjoyment of whom, is the only true happineſs he ought ambitiouſly to aſpire after. This is no vain imaginary pleaſure, but a real felicity to be felt, taſted, and enjoyed for ever. It will not vaniſh when the heat of imagination is extinguiſhed (like thoſe purſuits I have followed all my life), but it will be ſo inſeparably united to our very ſouls and beings, that the one muſt laſt as long as the other." My uncle then mentioned ſome people whom he deſired I ſhould provide for.

I aſſured him I ſhould, to the amount of his fortune, if it could give him any ſatisfaction. He wept, ſeemed

pleaſed, regretted his long ignorance of me, directed particularly what he wiſhed me to do in regard to them and his funeral. I knelt down and prayed, he anſwered, Amen! took my hand, and died.

My dear Lord, reflect on this ſcene, give up your preſent infamous connection. The *heart* of man is *capricious*, but his *mind* ought to be *firm*, and ſhould never permit him to loſe that ſight of order and decorum he owes to ſociety, the world, and himſelf, or that humanity to individuals, whoſe happineſs may depend upon him. I now, my Lord, aſk your pardon, for the ſubject of this letter, but be aſſured, the affection I bear you alone has urged me to write it, at a time when my whole heart and ſoul are abſorbed in grief. You think I am a very fortunate man,

and

and the world will look upon me as ſuch, when I enumerate all the bleſſings a merciful God has beſtowed upon me. I have had the felicity of finding a beloved and reſpectable parent in an elevated ſituation, in the enjoyment of good health, and much happineſs. I have the ſatisfaction alſo to know, that during the painful interval in which I was ignorant of her ſituation, ſhe had received every attention from Lady Filmer, who, in diſtinguiſhing *her* ſuperlative merit, ſufficiently evinced the greatneſs of her *own*.

I have the honour of being eſteemed by my friends, I poſſeſs a princely fortune, good health, and the means of exemplifying the ſincerity of my benevolence to mankind. Yet, my dear Lord, I am unhappy. As a man of the world, you will be amazed what it is I can wiſh or want, who have been ſo

eminently favoured by fortune? My poor deceaſed uncle need not have bluſhed before me for his errors. In fact, no man of ſenſe can wonder at the folly of another, becauſe the wiſeſt of men find difficulty enough to overcome their own, and to reſtrain their ſtill natural propenſity to it, which will incline them to be not only thankful to that infinite wiſdom, which has ſo graciouſly communicated itſelf to them, but to be very compaſſionate to the weakneſſes and folly of other men. I have been aiming all my life to conquer the irregular motions of my heart, that I might be enabled to ſteer a ſteady courſe; to be able truly to diſtinguiſh good from evil, to chuſe the one, and avoid the other.

Grief and diſcontent have generally their foundation in deſire; ſo that whoever

ever can obtain the ſovereignty over his paſſions, will be maſter of his happineſs. On the other hand, all deſires which occaſion ſuch unruly paſſions are founded upon weakneſs and ignorance; ſo that we muſt gain the poſſeſſion of their contrary qualities, which are wiſdom and conſtancy, before we can ever hope to be maſters of ourſelves. I find this attempt very difficult; the buſineſs I have reſolved upon, is to oppoſe my inclinations. Yet I am the miſerable victim of a paſſion, which having merit for its object, can never be extinguiſhed in my unhappy breaſt. The object of my tendereſt affections is Miſs Bruce; that amiable girl whom I mentioned to you in the letter, in which I gave you an account of my happy meeting with my mother; ſhe then made an impreſſion on me never to be removed. You ſmile at this aſſeveration, my Lord, but I know

myſelf a little, and can aver my love is unalterable, although the object ſhould never know it! How immutable then would be the obligation, where I had vowed, or where I had engaged the affections of a woman. Oh! my dear, though erring friend, in what light can I look upon that man, who under the maſk of the tendereſt regard, unlimited reſpect, and moſt endearing attentions, can ſeduce the affections, and enſlave the mind of a woman of merit—and whom at laſt can condemn her to the moſt painful of all human ſenſation, the being under a neceſſity of *deſpiſing the object of her tendereſt regard.*

Imagine, if poſible, the ſituation of a virtuous and feeling ſoul; lively and delicate to exceſs, receiving every day new outrages from the only object of its affections. Still living for him alone, when

when he lives no longer for her, when he is not aſhamed to live for objects devoted to contempt.

But my friendſhip carries me *too far*; I reſume my own ſtory. My amiable parent fainted on diſcovering me to be her ſon, and remained ſo long in that ſituation, that Miſs Bruce, greatly alarmed, and dreading the event, forgot at that inſtant there were any beholders, exemplified her ſenſibility by the extravagance of her grief, giving way to the exquiſite feelings of her heart.—As you know, my dear Lord, the great regard I ever profeſſed for this reſpectable mother, you cannot eaſily conceive my emotions on this occaſion, Miſs Bruce's being ſo ſimilar to my own, attached me to her.

O, ſhe that hath an heart of that fine frame,
To pay this dole of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft

Hath

Hath kill'd the flock of all affection elſe,
That live in her?

I have ever admired beauty and reverenced virtue, and have met with them frequently conjoined; but never was my heart effected until I ſaw that lovely creature: I am no longer maſter of myſelf, but a ſorry ſlave to my paſſions. My couſin, Lord Myrtle, is at Brucehill, and has addreſſed her, but has been rejected by her; and there is an amiable reſpectable man, Sir James Ramſay, whom I thought ſhe ſeemed to favour when in Scotland; this ſuppoſed diſcovery affected me very ſenſibly —I have ſince been confined here by my law buſineſs, which was happily terminated, when I had a letter from my mother, that ſhe was entirely diſengaged. I intended to ſet out the next day to make propoſals for myſelf, when my uncle was taken ill with

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the palſy.—In the mean time the Prince and Lord F—— went to Bruce-hill, where they now are. But not to keep your friendly heart longer in ſuſpence—the Prince, my benefactor, my friend, has wrote Lord F—— has made propoſals of marriage to Lady Julia Finlay; that theſe nuptials will ſoon take place; that his memory is too faithful to ſuffer him to witneſs their joy on this occaſion.—But that he has a ſcheme much at heart, which he does not doubt accompliſhing, if I will befriend him, on the ſucceſs of which depends his happineſs; and which, if he can accompliſh, he will carry back ſuch *company* with, him to Italy, as ſhall even conſole him for the want of *mine*, in caſe I ſhould not chuſe to accompany him. Is not this too plain? Grant me, good God! a command over myſelf? It is evident that true happineſs conſiſts in ſuch a peace-

peaceful tranquility and contentment of mind, as is neither to be ruffled by fear, nor diſcompoſed by deſire.

It is recorded Alexander reſigned a favourite to Apelles, who was in love with her; ſhall I not do for my noble friend, what he did for a dependent! Had I inſpired the Lady with any partiality for me, or did ſhe know my ſentiments, what I owed to her would have been the primary object; that not being the caſe, I ſacrifice myſelf for my friend. The voice of ingratitude cannot be ſo frequent as it is uſually repreſented; becauſe the inſtances of real and diſintereſted obligations, from whence alone it could proceed, are very rare. A modern writer, ſpeaking on this ſubject ſays, "The difficulties we apprehend, are more than thoſe we find, in the ſtrife with all our paſſions; and are the only thing

thing which prevents philoſophy or virtue from being commonly attainable in general life. What makes the difference between a chaſte woman, and a frail one? between a brave man and a coward; an honeſt man, and a knave? *one has ſtruggled, the other not.*" Meet me, my dear friend at Bruce-hill; I go there to-morrow: ſacrifice ſo much to friendſhip; to you only can I impart the feelings of my heart.

Farewel, my dear Lord, forgive the freedom of this letter; and be perſuaded, that nothing but my regard could induce me to write it, at a time in which I ſuffer ſo much myſelf.

I am ever, my dear Lord,

your faithful and obedient

humble ſervant,

EDWARD ROSS.

LETTER LXX.

From Mrs. BRUCE, to Lady HARRIET FILMER.

MADAM

I Am extremely mortified to impart to your Ladyſhip, what from the goodneſs of your heart, muſt ſenſibly afflict you; excluſive of the tender concern you take in every thing Lady Filmer is intereſt in. We had prevailed on Mrs. Moſs, to meet us at the Aſylum at breakfaſt, from whence we were to dine with her; although Lady Bruce expected Sir Edward Roſs, yet her extreme goodneſs, in wiſhing to do every thing to amuſe Mrs. Moſs, made her not heſitate being of the party.

Miſs

Miſs Bruce alone declined going, complaining of a violent head-ach, which ſhe had been ſubject to for ſome time. When we were met, we miſſed Lord Myrtle, on which account Sir James Ramſay became reſtleſs and uneaſy; and although he has given up all expectations of Miſs Bruce's rewarding his attachment, yet is ſincerely devoted to her. He whiſpered me, "Madam, I am going to ſee why Lord Myrtle is not here! take no notice of my departure, I ſhall return in half an hour."

I waited a whole hour, when I became ſo anxious, that I was obliged to ſay, "Sir James's not returning really alarmed me, as he appeared to have a more than ordinary meaning in his words." They were all greatly agitated, as they knew I am not apt to give way

way to whims. And it became impoſſible to remain longer in this ſtate of ſuſpence, we accordingly returned home: a quarter of a mile from the houſe we were met by Sir Edward Roſs's ſervant, Le Seur, who came up to the coach with a face pale as death, called, out, "Is my Lady here?" juſt looked at her, and dropped down in a ſwoon. This terrified us all exceedingly: Lady Bruce, inſtantly cried out, "My ſon is dead," and fainted away. Happy was this ſtate of inſenbility: my father looked as if he would drop, and the afflicted Mrs. Moſs, who at preſent ſees every thing on the gloomy ſide, exclaimed, "*My ſiſter loved him*; both ſiſters are doomed to be wretched!" As we advanced to the houſe, not one ſervant appeared, all unwilling to acquaint us with the horrid particulars they had to relate; we

we entered the hall, where were ſeveral of the domeſtics wringing their hands: they ſeemed, on our appearance, to be transfixed with horror, while we ſtood ſtupified with apprehenſions and amazement. by this time, my Lady was brought out of the coach; while I ſaw her taken care of, I conjured Sir James to inquire into this myſtic horror, that ſeemed to invade the family: unluckily my huſband the Prince and Lord F——, had gone before us to Moſs-caſtle. Upon ſeeing my Lady ſtill inſenſible, I left her in the hands of her women, to inform myſelf of the cauſe of all this diſorder; judge of my horror and grief, to find Sir Edward ſuppoſed dead, and Miſs Bruce out of her ſenſes! The account Sir James Ramſay gave, is as follows;

"Upon finding Lord Myrtle had abſented himſelf, Madam, you ſaw my

uneaſineſs: I did not doubt but he had concealed himſelf to watch the motions of Miſs Bruce, as Sir Edward Roſs was expected, whom we both think ſhe has a partiality for; the conſciouſneſs of his great merit determined *me to reſign my pretenſions*, while it confirmed Lord Myrtle in *his*, who had thrown out many things occaſionally, which not only marked the littleneſs of his mind, but his inveterate malice to Sir Edward, whom he ſwore he would deſtroy, if he found ſhe favoured him, or if he had any pretenſions there. On my approach to the houſe, I met Lord Myrtle in the avenue, on foot, with a bloody ſword in his hand, eyes ſtaring, and his whole dreſs diſhevelled: he appeared to incline to paſs me when graſping him by the collar, demanded what he had been about? he at firſt anſwered incoherent-

ly,

ly, "I did not do it! I ſay, ſhe did it!" and ſome ſentences ſimilar to thoſe. But I was reſolute, acquainted him he was my priſoner, and made him march before me—He had then time to recollect himſelf. And told me, that upon hearing Sir Edward was arrived, and was gone into the garden to Miſs Bruce, he had hid himſelf behind the arbour, when Sir Edward having attempted improper liberties with her, ſhe had ſtabbed him to the heart; and that he was going for aſſiſtance when I met him. I took no notice to him of the unlikelihood of this account, from obvious reaſons, but continued driving him before me. We entered the garden by the back-door; upon our firſt approach, I ſaw Miſs Bruce laying her cheek to Sir Edward's, and in the moſt ſoothing fondneſs lamenting his early

doom; ſhe had tore here handkerchief to ſtop his wound. Upon hearing a noiſe ſhe ſtarted up; but, on ſeeing Lord Myrtle, exclaimed, "Barbarian, he has not more lives to loſe." Then turning to me, "What! did *you* aſſiſt him in this helliſh act, Sir James? — It was not his fault, it was *mine:* I told him, I would not marry the Prince, but that I would be his ſiſter, and would love him, attend him, and take care of him all the days of my life!" Upon Lord Myrtle's making a motion to take the ſword from me, ſhe threw herſelf on Sir Edward, crying out, "Strike me, ruffian! he ſhall not be hurt but through me!" ſhe then made uſe of the fondeſt, the moſt paſſionate expreſſions to Sir Edward; but, upon again obſerving Lord Myrtle, was ſeized with terror, became quite diſtracted, tearing her hair and throwing her-

herſelf on the ground. "It is ſo truly pitiable, ſaid he, it unmans me"! I was ſo affected, and ſo many of the ſervants being diſpatched for ſurgeons, that Lord Myrtle has eſcaped. But his conſcience if it has not ceaſed to remonſtrate, muſt inflict a ſeverer puniſhment than any he may have eſcaped by eluding the laws.

Sir Edward had fainted by loſs of blood; when he came to himſelf he inquired for Miſs Bruce, and again ſwooned away. The ſurgeons have examined his wounds, and judge them not mortal.

Sir James has been obliged to unfold this dreadful tale to my Lady. Your Ladyſhip knows ſhe is poſſeſſed of a ſpirit, which has aſſiſted her to overcome thoſe accidents which admitted of any redreſs, and enabled her

to ſupport outwardly, with decency and dignity, thoſe which admitted of none, yet has, till very lately, ſuffered inwardly through almoſt her whole life, from a ſucceſſion of melancholy and affecting objects. She ſeemed firſt inſenſible; at laſt, a flood of tears a little relieved her: I hope ſhe will be ſupported under this great and heavy trial. What a day was this! What ſtrange tranſitions! What violent emotions! O, Madam, what a world is this to ſet our hearts upon, when every raſh fool, where we are ſurrounded with millions, can put a ſudden ſtop to our happineſs; can in an inſtant change it into perfect miſery!

We are ſuch ſtuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a ſleep.

The Prince, Lord F——, and my huſband, are juſt arrived: they have wept

wept bitterly over Sir Edward; he raves a great deal about the Prince, Miſs Bruce, and a Lord Truby, whom he inceſſantly calls for.—His Lordſhip is juſt arrived; had promiſed Sir Edward to meet him here. He has ſhewn the Prince part of a letter he received from Sir Edward within this week, by which it appears he was in love with my unhappy ſiſter; but, upon having underſtood from the Prince, it was his intention to addreſs her, had determined to conquer his inclination. How muſt this endear him to his Highneſs at this time, as the uneaſineſs Sir Edward had ſuffered on this account, had proceeded from his not having been explicit enough in a letter he had written to him about a ſcheme he had much at heart, and which he told him he muſt aſſiſt him in!—this was to obtain from Lord F— the care of

the little Lady Eliza, whom he means to make the heireſs of his fortune, and propoſes to himſelf the greateſt happineſs in cultivating her mind. This, ſaid the Prince, and the catacombs of St. Sebaſtian (alluding to where Lady F—— is buried), are the only conſolations that I can enjoy, now that my dear, my eſteemed friend, is in danger; nor can I hardly wiſh him to live, to ſee the deplorable ſtate of Miſs Bruce. I went to ſee her to-day: her fine long hair was hanging diſhevelled down her back. She ſays the fondeſt, moſt endearing things to Sir Edward, whom ſhe ſuppoſes lies dead before her; ſhe tells him ſhe will follow him, that ſhe can never ſurvive him, that ſhe had always loved him, although inſenſible to all his ſex, and that nobody but her ſiſter Moſs had been acquainted with her paſſion. I could not

not bear it; Heaven reſtore this amiable ſufferer to her ſenſes. We have not dared as yet to acquaint Lady Bruce with her ſituation. Your Ladyſhip will acquaint Lady Filmer with theſe particulars, as your good ſenſe will direct you. Had her Ladyſhip been in good health, her preſence would have been highly ſalutary to her friend.

I ſhall write next poſt; in the mean time, beg leave to ſubſcribe myſelf,

your Ladyſhip's

obedient humble ſervant,

WILHELMINA BRUCE.

LET-

LETTER LXXI.

From Lady FILMER, to Lady HARRIET FILMER.

Bruce-hill

MY DEAR HARRIET,

I Arrived ſafe here. I cannot ſufficiently expreſs the ſenſe I have of your tenderneſs and attention for me, in having ſo earneſtly wiſhed my ſon to attend me; no, may amiable child, my abſenting myſelf at this time * from you, is a ſufficient ſacrifice to friendſhip. The anxiety I feel on your account, can only be mitigated by the knowledge of my ſon's affectionate and tender atten-

* Lady Harriet expected to lie in every hour.

tion

tion to you; but, my ſweet girl, ſhall I again repeat what I ſo often mentioned to you before I left you, not to ſee your children for at leaſt a week after your delivery? Recollect the conſequences, laſt time, of your having your little girl with you; as you love theſe innocents, preſerve yourſelf carefully for them.

The ſituation of this family, ſo lately a ſcene of joy, is not to be deſcribed, and recalled to my remembrance Virgil's deſcription of the lovers, whom he ſaw at his deſcent into hell; the poet places them in fields watered with tears, called the weeping country. Lady Bruce had had a fever, and got up for the firſt time to receive me: ſhe looked dreadfully. Sir James thanked me a thouſand times for coming, as, he ſaid, nothing could help to compoſe, and fortify her mind ſo much, and

pre-

prepare her for all events, as my converſation. Mrs. Bruce met me at York, and acquainted me with the ſituation of every thing before my arrival here. Sir Edward is alive, but ſo faint and low, that it is yet very dubious what will be the conſequences: he is delirious, and is conſtantly calling for the Prince and Lord T——, who are continually with him.

I have ſeen the lovely Lucy, for lovely ſhe is even in madneſs. Modern hiſtory informs us of certain countries, where they pay devout regard to *mad people*; they look upon them as favoured with ſome nearer aſpects of heavenly things than are allowed to other men, and as having ſomewhat about them as *ſacred* and *divine*.

I acknowledge, I was never more affected than by her appearauce. Lady

Bruce

Bruce ventured to attend me. She is various in her abſences—ſometimes has ſenſible intervals, but they are very ſhort: when we entered, ſhe was ſitting penſively, leaning on her hand, earneſtly examining a ſmall picture in a ſhagreen caſe: upon hearing us, ſhe aroſe, ſaluted us with dignity, called herſelf a poor forlorn creature, bereft of all comfort—aſked us our names. Lady Bruce burſt into tears, and taking her hand, eagerly kiſſed it; ſhe drew it back, and turning round to her attendants, aſked how they dared to admit people to deceive her? "This woman, added ſhe, calls herſelf my deareſt, my adored mother, the mother of my Edward.—"I'll not wed Paris, Romeo ſhall be my huſband." She anſwers exactly to that picture drawn by Otway in his Orphan. The goddeſs

deſs with an hundred tongues, has publiſhed through the world his praiſes! She can never have ſaid enough of him, had ſhe two thouſand! Love either elevates or debaſes the ſoul, according to the object that inſpires it. I am an *archangel!* I am mad with love! O the caitiff! had he a thouſand lives, he ſhould ſuffer as many deaths! The Almighty has taken him back to the everlaſting manſions of peace, nought is left of him but his dear picture which I drew!—here it is, but I will not truſt it out of my hand, leſt you give it to the hoary fiend." Judge of Lady Bruce's ſurprize, to ſee a miniature of Sir Edward, which could only be painted by herſelf, yet is a ſtriking likeneſs. "O, ſaid ſhe, what is the world without him? why does the ſun ſhine? all nature ſhould weep; are theſe eyes only to flow for this unmeaſureable

ſureable unconquerable woe?" Then turning round to me, ſhe ſaid, "You weep, you have a tender heart; who are you?" Upon hearing my name, (which ſhe had diſregarded before) ſhe kneeled down, kiſſed my hand, and ſaid "I had been the guardian angel of her mama, and ſhe would love me for ever." She then became quite incoherent,—ſometimes ſhe falls into ſilent fits; and, in general, her memory is too unfaithful to make herſelf underſtood for a ſentence together: yet ſhe was tolerably connected with us; and, upon the whole, her reaſon ſeems to gather ſtrength.—After a long ſilence ſhe ſaid, "Thoſe that ſleep in the duſt of the grave *ſhall awake*, ſome to eternal life, and others to confuſion."—She loſt what ſhe was going to add—pauſed as if ſhe could recollect it—and had exhauſted her ſpirits by talk-

taking ſo much—We withdrew.—She ſeldom ſpeaks to her people. I flatter myſelf this malady will ſubſide in time, if Sir Edward lives, as it is the belief of his death, her witneſſing the ſuppoſed murder, and her paſſion for him, which have conſpired to her misfortune.

I hope to have better accounts to tranſmit you. This letter is directed for my ſon, as it is probable, the contents may be too affecting, in your preſent ſituation. I ever am,

My dear Harriet,

your affectionate mother,

AMELIA FILMER.

LETTER LXXII.

To Sir EDWARD FILMER.

MY DEAR SON,

I Rejoice with you on Lady Hariet's recovery. I hope you have been a good nurſe, and flatter myſelf you obeyed my injunctions, in not ſuffering her to talk, or ſee too many people for the firſt fortnight after her delivery.

I have the pleaſure to acquaint you, Sir Edward Roſs is now ſo well as to have been once out airing. The ſituation of Miſs Bruce was concealed from him until a few days ago; the Prince, in the moſt judicious manner, gradually, as his health would permit, opened to him new ideas in regard to

his miſapprehenſion of his intentions, &c. &c. but, at the ſame time, guarded him againſt any hopes that might affect him, by talking of the uncertainty of human events, &c. — Sir Edward, from theſe hints, imediately apprehended Lord Myrtle had killed, or run away with Miſs Bruce; and it became abſolutely neceſſary, notwithſtanding his weak ſtate of health, to inform him of the truth. Although he had never been dejected by adverſity, nor had it been in the power of proſperity to raiſe him above that moderation, which always was his principal characteriſtic, yet the variety of his contending paſſions alone ſupported him; joy, grief, pity, love, and gratitude, ſucceſſively ingroſſed the whole faculties of his ſoul. He expreſſed all theſe paſſions in the moſt pathetic terms, and declared he would devote his whole

whole life to the amiable ſufferer; and, as ſhe had been the only object of his affections, ſhe ſhould ever remain that of his tendereſt eſteem, although ſhe ſhould never again be reſtored to her ſenſes.

I have the pleaſure to acquaint you, her lucid intervals increaſe—and the greateſt prudence has been uſed on theſe occaſions to inſinute ſuch things as may lead her to ſuppoſe Sir Edward is alive.—— To communicate it at once might be equally fatal to her as the belief of the contrary.— This conſideration only, has prevented Sir Edward from ſeeing her. I muſt leave off, as I cannot ſpare much time at preſent, from the attentions I pay to my diſtreſſed friend.

I now reſume my pen: Sir Edward inſiſted on ſeeing Miſs Bruce, notwith-

ſtanding all our entreaties to the contrary. He argued, that if ſhe was inſenſible, ſhe would not know him; and that he would watch the turn of her diſorder, and not hazard any thing that might be prejudicial to her; and that he flattered himſelf, he might be able to ſoothe and comfort her, by falling in with her humour. It was agreed none ſhould be preſent but Mrs. Bruce and myſelf at this interview; when we came in, ſhe had her little picture in her hand, which ſhe was talking to—ſhe did not perceive us, and repeated theſe lines,

"It was pretty, tho' a plague,
To ſee him ev'ry hour; to ſit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our hearts tablet; heart too capable
To ev'ry line and track of his ſweet favours!
But now he's gone! and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relicks."

Then

Then kneeling down, "May the avenging arm of the Almighty revenge the death of the moſt perfect of human beings!" Then ſtarting up, ſhe ſaid, "I lye, he was not a human being, he was only lent to the world to reform mankind." Figure to yourſelf the feelings of the beſt of men; he was obliged to ſupport himſelf againſt the wall, and burſt into tears; his emotions diſcovered us to Miſs Bruce, who was before leaning careleſsly on a ſopha.—The gracefulneſs of her figure, when ſhe advanced to us, beggars all deſcription; ſhe was dreſſed in a long white robe, her hair tied careleſsly behind, which was the only ornament ſhe had; ſhe ſtarted a little when ſhe firſt looked at Sir Edward, and turning round to her maid, inquired who he was; by our direction ſhe acquainted her, he was a relation of Lady Bruce's. She looked very attentively

at him and ſaid, "You are like my Edward, do not weep;" and taking up her auburn treſſes, gently wiped away the tears from his eyes. "You are (ſaid ſhe) then, Sir, the relation, you have perhaps, been the friend of my Edward, my heart tells me ſo, and you are like my picture—I am ſilly, very ſilly, and ſometimes diſtracted—but bear with it—let me ſee you, and talk to me for ever of him."

"I know not what is the matter with my head, putting her hand to her forehead, ſuch a ſtrange confuſion juſt here, and ſo ſtupid"—ſhe ſhut her eyes, and leaned againſt me,—my involuntary tears were ſhed on her lovely face, while ſhe lifting up her eyes ſaid,

Dear brother, I ſhall never ſee thee more,
Dearer than life itſelf thou wert to me!
For ever I have loſt, but ſhall for ever love thee.

Dr.

Dr. Munro arrived here a few hours ago: although he is a man of very liberal ideas, he has in the genteeleſt manner blamed the method the phyſicians here have treated Miſs Bruce.—As he has more practical knowledge in this branch of the profeſſion, we flatter ourſelves his remedies may prove efficacious.

Lord Truby left us this day—having received an expreſs of his Lady's death, accompanied with a letter written by herſelf. As the greateſt intimacy has ſubſiſted between Mr. Bruce and his Lordſhip for ſome years—under the preſſure of affliction he communicated the letter to him, and gave him leave to ſhow it to us—underwritten is the copy of it.

MY DEAR LORD.

AS I employed *every moment* of my life to pleaſe you but in vain; I am ſtill willing to employ *my laſt* in what I am aſſured will give you a ſenſible pleaſure; that is to tell you, I have not many hours *to live.* Even while I write I expect death will render my Letter imperfect, but if he ſuffers me to write a few lines more, I'll meet him with *courage* and *reſignation*—You will now expect reproaches from me; and juſtly you may expect them: but I have too much *generoſity*, too much *love*, and too much *religion* to make you ſuch a return: no, my dear Lord, I forgive you from my ſoul; and only deſire that, as (you for ſome years paſt) have never paid any regard to my *former* wiſhes, yet you would to my *laſt:* I conjure you then for your

own

own welfare, to abandon what will prove your *ruin*: ſeek a *virtuous wife*, and make up in *her* the loſs of your

LAVINIA.

Farewell, my dear ſon: my kindeſt, and everlaſting wiſhes attend my Harriet, and her ſweet prattlers.

Your affectionate mother,

AMELIA FILMER.

LETTER LXXIII.

From the Ducheſs de CRUI, to Mrs. PIERPONT.

DEAR MADAM,

I Am much on the *que vive*, with the thoughts of our enſuing happineſs—your's, and your daughter's marriages, that

that were it not that you are to ſet out for England two days after the ceremony, and that I wiſh to inform you of ſome particulars previous to our departure, concerning thoſe friends mentioned in the family narrative, I ſhould hardly be able now for that taſk.

In the two laſt letters you would perceive there had been a long chaſm in the correſpondence; theſe letters are loſt: it only remains with me to acquaint you with a few of the moſt remarkable occurrences. Four years are elapſed ſince Miſs Bruce's malady commenced; ſhe has at times been perfectly reſtored, but has never yet been without returns of it. Sir Edward (now created Lord Roſs) has been conſtant in his attentions, devoting his whole time to her. About a year ago, after an interval of a few months flattered them

them ſhe was perfectly reſtored, he urged the completion of his happineſs; I was then at Bruce-hill.—She acquainted him, that ſhe would give him his anſwer in our preſence. In the afternoon ſhe ſummoned us to her dreſſing-room; there was a ſolemnity in her appearance, that predicted no hopes for her lover. He advanced, pale with anxiety, and kneeling down before her, kiſſed her hand, conjuring her in the preſence of theſe reſpectable friends to confirm his happineſs.

Miſs Bruce's eye gliſtened with a tear ſhe could not ſuppreſs; ſhe prevailed on him to quit that poſture: and then told him, that eſteem is the reſult of reaſon, and to deſerve it from good ſenſe, the height of glory; that the ſentiments of her heart were well known; ſhe was ſenſible of all her obligations to him,

him, but that theſe were ſufficient to prevent her making him ſo bad a return, as connecting him ſo imprudently, by rendering him not only miſerable himſelf, but, perhaps, entailing her misfortune on his family; that ſhe had, from accident, heard of an alliance that had been propoſed to him, the only daughter of the Marquis of O——, a young lady, rich, beautiful, and accompliſhed; that this marriage taking place, would render her happy; and that ſhe would devote thoſe intervals of reaſon ſtill afforded her, to implore God's pardon for having forgot the Creator in the creature, and having been too much attached to ſublunary things!

Lord Roſs aſſured her, that whatever would accord moſt to her happineſs, he would acquieſce in as to what regarded herſelf; but, in a moſt determined

mined and paſſionate manner, ſolemnly declared, that he would never connect himſelf with any other woman, or engage himſelf in any public employment, while ſhe lived; and that, if ſhe would not give a legal right to his pretenſions, yet the buſineſs of his life ſhould ever be directed to procure her every comfort, every attention, that ſympathetic tenderneſs, and endearing ſolicitude could effect!

He looked moſt charmingly graceful! how engaging is modeſty in a man, when one knows there is a great mind within: — he appeared with ſuch tenderneſs; in ſuch confuſion; and yet, in other reſpects, ſo much himſelf, ſo determined!

This ſcene was too much for her poor agitated heart; ſhe at that time relapſed, and for ſome time after, either gazed

in

in ſilence with a vacant unmeaning eye, or uttered her diſtraction in incoherent ſentences.

Lord Roſs and Miſs Bruce continue to live like brother and ſiſter.

After ſuch an example, let not our young beaux, or rakes, preſume to ſay there is no ſuch thing as Platonic love, or that there never was, but in the imaginations of a writer of romance; for, in ſpite of the depravity of the age, there are men who know the value of a generous heart, and who are ſufficiently rational to be content with the poſſeſſion of that alone.

Mrs. Moſs is ſtill ſingle, and dedicates her whole time to the educating her child, comforting her ſiſter, and preparing herſelf for a better world, her whole hopes of happineſs having been deſtroyed here by the premature death of her huſband.

Lady Filmer died about a year ago: the laſt three months of her life was ſpent in a conſtant preparation for that awful moment, ſo dreadful for the wicked, ſo full of peace, confidence, and holy joy to the good! My bleeding heart ſtill feels her loſs.

The Prince de la Rocelli ſpent a year lately, in England, with the little Lady Eliza, whom he is as fond of as ever, and has ſettled his fortune entirely upon.

And now, my dear Mrs. Pierpont, I conclude my family narrative. Thoſe dear ſurviving friends will ſhew you every attention in their power, and long to embrace you. What an acquiſition you will be to them; what a loſs to me! a loſs, notwithſtanding all my happineſs, I cannot help being ſelfiſh enough to regret.

Your daughter, however, who will alſo in two days now be *mine*, will partly conſole me. May ſhe be the counterpart of her mother, while her huſband emulates his father's virtues; and they will then be as happy as a ſtate of humanity admits of.

I ever am moſt affectionately,

and truly your's,

ELIZA DE CRUI.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

FINIS.